LOOKING FORWARD

A FLOOD OF interesting letters has poured in upon us these last few days, produced by our editorial in the February 12th number entitled "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment." True, both fanatical wets and rabid drys have written us. But the vast majority of the letters have come from sensible people on both sides of the question.

BY FAR THE MAJORITY—five to one—agree with the point of view expressed in the editorial. Included in this majority are doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, advertising men, manufacturers, and even Senators and Congressmen.

FROM THE LETTERS, it is possible to draw one very interesting conclusion. No matter how specific any statement may be on the subject of banishing the speakeasy and the saloon, any questionnaire or referendum which asks the simple question "Do you favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment?" and at the same time fails to suggest some other form of liquor control as a substitute, will be used by the drys as the starting point for an argument against the return of the saloon. True, the old-fashioned saloon is definitely out of the picture, so far as both wets and drys are concerned. But the drys will not have it so, if they can confuse the argument. Sensible citizens who are interested in the practical solution of the problem will do well to bear this in mind. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will carry with it legislation against the return of the saloon.

MEANWHILE, to have as a final goal the ultimate repeal of the Amendment, does not preclude the adoption of practical plans for ameliorating present evils. The difficulty is that in the end the Amendment, unless changed, will be found to be the enemy of any logical, regulatory legislation designed to solve the problem from the ground up. The Amendment is coercive in spirit, and intended as a basis for prohibition, not regulation.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 154 NUMBER 10

Outlook
and Independent

March 5, 1930

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY Springfield, Missouri

Looking Forward 361
Frontispiece: Winged Leviathans 362

Articles

Troubled Airways ..... *Myron M. Stearns* 363
Apples from Mr. Michailoff ..... *John Bakeless* 366
Helping "Fallen Girls" ..... *Grace Sothcote Leake* 377
A Taste of Freedom ..... *John Coffey* 379
The Phantom on the Corner ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 383
The Robots Are Coming ..... *William O. Scroggs* 384

The Trend of Events 370

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 386
A Chant of Pioneers ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 386
The Week's Reading 386
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 388
Business Becomes Articulate ..... *Frank A. Fall* 389
The Theatre ..... *Francis R. Bellamy* 390
Puck, 1930 ..... *Arthur Strawn* 391
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 392
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 393
With Our Readers 399

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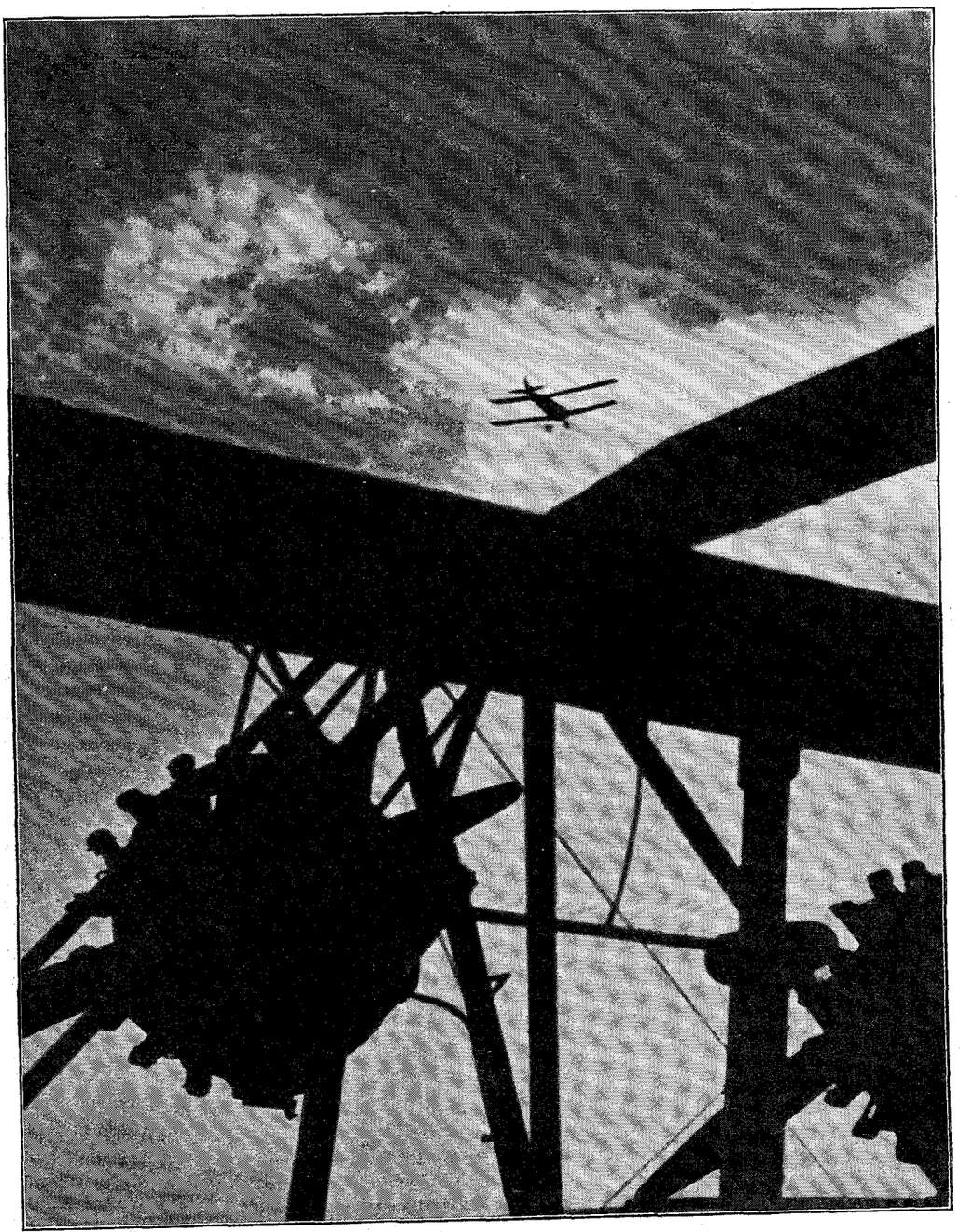

Ewing Galloway

Winged Leviathans

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Outlook

and Independent

March 5, 1930

Troubled Airways

Can Commercial Aviation Pay?

By MYRON M. STEARNS

Throughout the United States are air routes with airports, hangars, beacons, ships, and other costly equipment. The public has invested millions but as yet dividends have been few. How soon can these routes be made to pay? Fares have been lowered, in many cases below cost, in an effort to capture the unsold public, yet passengers are, relative to capacity, few. Meanwhile accidents continue and skilled pilots are difficult to find. Mr. Stearns, who has specialized in aviation development, here considers the many problems of commercial aviation. He feels that the solution may lie in the development of air express

WASHED UP by the greatest speculative wave this country has ever known, and in the wake of the enthusiasm resulting from Lindbergh's smooth flight from New York to Paris in the spring of 1927, money poured into aviation ventures during the rest of 1927 and all of 1928. On May 15, 1929, the market value of some sixty aviation stocks, out of a total of more than 270, was $835,000,000.

Last December I spent a night at the Airport Inn, beside the Municipal Airport at Oakland, California. At 4:15 in the morning I was to leave for Seattle in one of the four-passenger mail planes of the Pacific Air Transport Company.

The hotel was quiet, comfortable, reasonable—and empty. Two waitresses served the occasional guests in the big dining-room; one could have done it alone. The windows looked out onto the large, flat airport beside San Francisco bay, that represented an investment of more than $1,500,000. Along the inshore edge of the field rose five great hangars, that cost collectively another million or more. There were also the buildings of a fine new school of aeronautics. There was a comfortable passenger station. In one of the hangars there were four tri-motor transports, worth better than $50,000 apiece. Lined up in front of the buildings were a dozen smaller planes. In a second hangar were six or seven green-and-yellow Boeing mail planes, ranging from fast single-seater express planes up to a couple of 18-passenger transports. In all, I counted enough airplanes, belonging to the different companies, to bring the ship-value alone up to another million dollars. A new aerial ferry-line had just been opened across the bay to the San Francisco water-front, using Sikorsky amphibions. Presently one of them came in from over the water and landed, bringing a passenger. A Boeing 40-B4 came in with mail, and another passenger. In the evening a big red 10-passenger Fokker of the Western Air Express came up from the south and settled down in a beautiful landing. There were eight people aboard—a crew of three and five passengers. A Transcontinental Air Transport-Maddux trimotor arrived, again with a crew of three, and this time two passengers.

An investment of better than $3,500,000 had been made—at that one airport—to bring in during the afternoon and evening a total of nine passengers. Less than a dozen passengers, some of them traveling on passes, arriving at an airport equipped to handle thousands, and requiring for even the thinnest sort of return on the investment, at least hundreds.

To be sure, that particular day's take may have been unusually small. Air-transportation picks up in summer, and falls off in winter—and this was in December. Also, since that day there has been a great lowering of fares, which we shall have a look at presently, which has resulted in an increase of passenger traffic. Besides the passenger traffic there is the mail. But in the main the picture is accurate. You can duplicate it, in large degree, at Los Angeles, at Salt Lake City, at St. Louis, at Cleveland, and a dozen other cities. A tremendous investment, providing the last word in present-day air-craft, large landing-fields, hangars, and even passenger-stations, and—relatively—no passengers.

Those who have already traveled by plane in this country know what a tremendous saving in time air-transportation over long distances may mean. I have left Chicago on Saturday night, met a man in San Francisco Sunday night, and eaten breakfast in Chicago Tuesday morning. I have left a small Connecticut town at breakfast-time, spent the entire forenoon getting down to New York and out to Hadley Field—and eaten dinner in Chicago. Three hours is the regular flying time for the "express ships" between Oakland and the Los Angeles flying-field; the journey by train takes an entire day. In two hours you can fly across the Sierras, from San Francisco bay to Reno; the fastest trains take about nine. Everywhere, provided the hop is long enough to overcome the delay of getting out to distant airports at the terminals, air-transportation lines mean a great de-

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crease in traveling time, a shrinkage in distances. While California is still more than three days away from New York by train, under favorable flying conditions it is only one day distant by air.

This is the commodity—speed—upon which the great air-investment has been predicated. Air-traffic is faster, much faster, than any other form of transportation the world has yet known. Therefore, say those who build on reason, air-traffic is bound, sooner or later, to supercede, at least in great measure, the slower, more cumbersome forms of travel that prevail at present. American railways today represent an investment of more than twenty billion dollars, take in more than six billion a year, and pay annually more than $500,000,000 in declared dividends. Sooner or later, obviously, a good share of this tremendous total is going to be shifted to the air. How soon, nobody knows. But—first come, first served. So runs the argument.

Sliding easily through thin blue air a mile above the prairies in a tri-motor transport, watching tiny black caterpillars that are trans-continental trains fall farther and farther behind as they burrow from sight or twist tortuously toward the foothills of the Rockies, it is easy to believe that the day of widespread air-transportation has already arrived. Reading of this or that spectacular crash, talking with people who still say, "Well you won't catch *me* getting off the ground in a hurry," seeing the great discrepancy between the huge air-port accommodations and the small air-minded group already using them, one wonders.

Not that, in the end, our commercial airways will not be all the things, and do all the things, that are expected of them, and even more. But *how soon.* That is still the question.

THOSE ALREADY acquainted with these now-familiar conditions know it was the air-mail that at last touched off the whole bonfire of recent aeronautical speculation and investment. The United States Government over an eight-year period, from 1918 to 1926, demonstrated that mail could be carried by air with great speed and comparative regularity. Then, fortified with Government contracts paying so-much-per-pound—$1.50 per pound per 1,000 miles, in one instance, for example—various private transport companies took over the air-mail business, improved on Government operation, and *showed a profit.* Presto! The day of commercial air transportation had arrived! Big bankers came in to underwrite aeronautical expansion. One merger succeeded another. The public rushed in to invest.

Today we have air-lines for mail, air-lines for passengers only, more than 10,000 miles of air-ways lighted for night-flying, more than a thousand air-ports and marked landing-fields, something like 18,000 permits for student flyers, and so on and so on. The figures are impressive.

Still that picture of the Oakland Air-port remains accurate. Hundreds of millions of dollars invested in air-ports, hangars, and planes, literally hundreds of aviation schools and thousands of student pilots, an apparently limitless future, and, considering the outlay, only an occasional passenger. In 1929 there were more flying schools in operation than the total number of pilots actually employed in civil aviation.

To meet this situation the air transport operators have lowered fares. Between Los Angeles and San Francisco, for example, where during the summer there are four competing air-lines, the first fare charged by Western Air Express was $50. The Maddux Line charged $45. The Pickwick Line came down still further. Presently the Pacific Air Transport put the rate at something like $28.50. And in December Western Air Express announced an "experimental fare" of $21.50 between the two cities.

THOSE LOWERED RATES do not represent cut-throat competition. In the main, the air-lines are pulling harmoniously, working together against a stubborn prospect, the Unsold Public. On a ten-passenger plane, the total gross revenue between Los Angeles and San Francisco, with every seat filled by a $21.50 passenger, is $215. It costs the company more than that to fly the plane over the route. The Pickwick Line, with a $15 round-trip excursion rate between Los Angeles and San Diego, loses money on each trip, even with every seat taken. Transcontinental Air Transport, investing more than $2,000,000 in the airmail route between Los Angeles and New York, announced in advance that the fare across the continent would probably be "about $375." Starting a little under that, the rate was presently cut to around $250, and this January dropped again, to a few cents less than $160. Not because the company was making money, but as an inducement to the general public to travel by air. In the same way the Stout air-lines have reduced fares between Chicago and Detroit from $30 to $24 and then to $18, and between Detroit and Cleveland from $18 to $14, and later to $10. Yet any one acquainted with the expenses of air-transport operation knows that the line must be running "into the red" to the extent of many thousands of dollars a year, just as the other fare-reducers are.

ALL THESE LINES, and many of lesser moment, are proceeding on the assumption that money lost during the early years of operation will be handsomely made up for later. The fare-reduction argument is: "By lowering passenger rates we induce more people to travel with us, bringing up our gross income without appreciably raising our expenses, and so cutting down our losses for the year. Also, by lowering rates we secure new air-way converts, and so bring nearer the time when real profits begin."

There is a catch in that argument, illustrated by the old conversation between the hardware merchant and his customer. "Don't see how you can afford to sell nails so cheap," says the customer. "Ought not to, really," answers the store-keeper. "Figure I lose half-a-cent on every pound I sell. Only thing that saves me is the volume of the business."

Whether, as the air-line operators believe, more passengers will distribute overhead and plane expenses to the point where there is no longer any loss on each pound of nails sold—or rather on each passenger carried, as at present, remains to be seen. Theoretically, that time may be close at hand. Actually, it may still be far away.

The succession of fatal crashes that have been featured in news headlines during the fall and winter have not served to better the precarious position into which the October break in stock-values plunged various aviation companies. According to officials of Transcontinental Air Transport, one of the heaviest sufferers, the lowering of rates has more than made up for the distrust stirred by accidents, with a steady increase in number of passengers carried, in spite of the widely-published accident-details, since the new fares went into effect. Apparently, the time has come when air-transport accidents are accepted more or less as are railroad wrecks, deplorable but—in spite of the

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headlines—relatively infrequent occurrences. According to Department of Commerce and Interstate Commerce Commission figures, as published in the Washington *Star*, one person was killed for every 172,768 miles of railway operation during 1928, while in civil air transportation there was one death for every 191,500 miles.

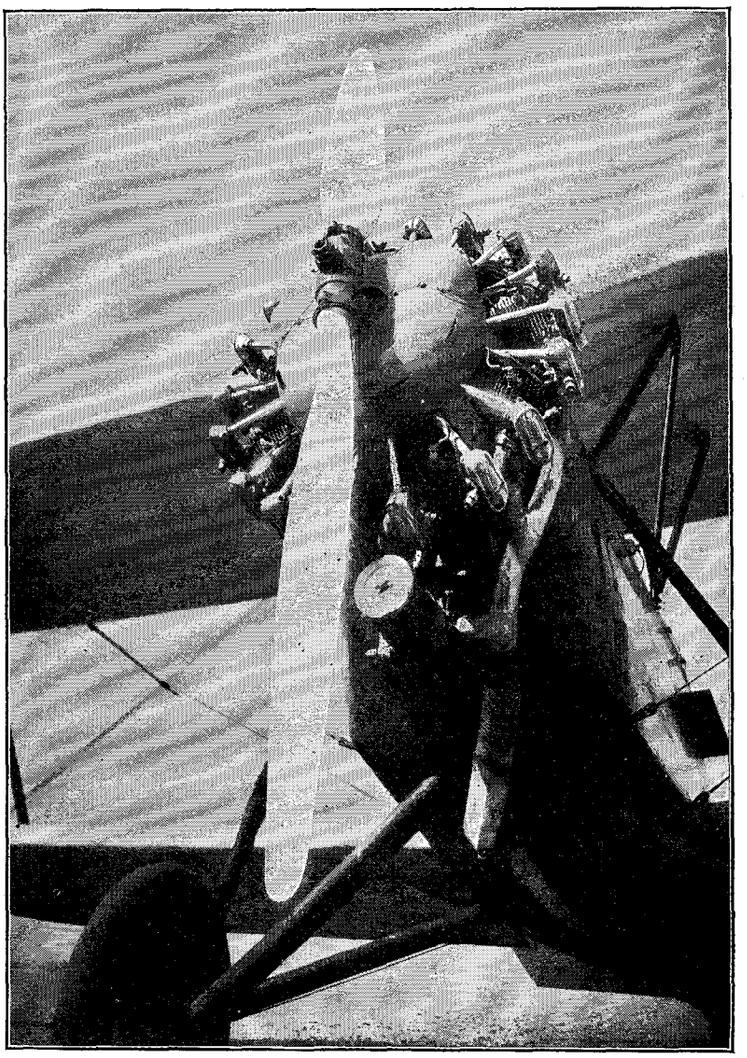
But there is another angle to this matter of air-transportation accidents. Even though they no longer scare passengers away from air-travel, they increase tremendously the operating expense of the air-lines. The cheapest tri-motor planes cost around $35,000. Ten and twelve-passenger transports run from $45,000 to about $85,000. Eighteen and twenty-passenger ships, and the still larger Fokkers, run to even higher figures, well past $100,000. Even single-seater mail planes cost from $8,000 or $10,000 to around $25,000. Consider what "washing out" such expensive equipment means.

There were on January 1, 1930, 4,507 transport pilots licensed by the Department of Commerce to pilot interstate passenger planes. Approximately half of that number received their licenses last year. Of the remainder, nearly all are young and inexperienced, and a certain proportion are careless or reckless or in some ways basically unsuited for the responsibilities of passenger-transportation half a mile above the earth. Only a handful of skilled, cautious, wise pilots, thoroughly tested through long years of experience, remain. Not enough to go around. Although the over-numerous flying schools are hurrying new pilots along for licensing, only the slow trials and training of years will add, bit by bit, to the numbers of fully-proven air-captains, weather-wise and reliable.

Look over the big air accidents of the past few months. The causes fall for the most part into two classes—inexperience (the greater cause) and carelessness (the lesser). A plane falls onto a flat field at Washington and kills five. Apparently the pilot, an experienced army flyer, turned down-wind too soon after his take-off, and the big plane, without sufficient air-speed to hold it safely in the air, crashed nose-first into the ground from three hundred feet up. Carelessness is the only plausible explanation. In New Mexico, on the Pacific Coast, two spectacular accidents take a total of 24 lives. One plane bursts into flames on crashing into a mountain; the other crashes, breaks in two and explodes on a hillside near the Pacific Ocean. In both cases "bad weather" is given as the cause. But older and wiser pilots, on both those days, were holding their planes on the ground.

Inexperience, with the over-confidence it breeds, gives us a much more logical explanation for those accidents, than an "Act of God."

In the early days of air-mail, the older operators tell me, they used to figure that every new pilot taken on meant two crashes. That, usually, was merely from his ignorance of the route he had to fly over, and the weather conditions that were responsible for making flying varyingly hazardous.



Ewing Galloway

THE WRIGHT WHIRLWIND

Type of motor used by Lindbergh, New York to Paris, 1927

By paying attractively large salaries and then making wise selections, two of the largest air-operators in the United States have been surprisingly free from accidents. The Boeing Company, with its subsidiary, Pacific Air Transport, has already flown more than 8,000,000 miles without losing a pilot. Western Air Express has also done wonders in establishing relatively safe flying over long distances. But the other companies have not been, for the most part, so lucky. They have wanted equally good pilots, but they couldn't get them. They have had to take younger and less responsible, less experienced, men. Crash! A $60,000 plane goes into a hillside, and the operating expenses amount up. Already, even with all their care, Boeing has lost two 18-passenger transports. No lives lost—but $150,000 worth of equipment "washed out." Some of the newer lines have been far more unfortunate. It is going to be several years before the fully-reliable group of pilots has reached proportions that will make large-scale air-commerce less costly than it is today, as well as still more safe.

So far, in considering the expense of all this passenger-flying and the apparently slim possibility that any large proportion of the companies will make a fat profit in the near future, we have been neglecting returns from the

(Please Turn to Page 394)

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Apples from Mr. Michailoff

An Adventure in Macedonia

By JOHN BAKELESS

It was dangerous—the American might "catch cold"—to penetrate too far into the Macedonian hills. So Ivan Michailoff, mysterious leader of the revolutionists, ignored the price on his head and came to meet his guest. Then followed a strange conversation—then, a gift of three fine apples. Mr. Bakeless, a former editor of "The Forum," is an authority on foreign affairs

THE MORNING MISTS were still wreathing down the sides of Vitosha, the great mountain that guards Bulgaria's capital to the southward, when the revolutionists came for me. The city of Sofia was just awaking to the first cool hours of morning, soon to be followed by the blinding heat of a Balkan noon, and there were few to see the big touring car—with its Macedonian chauffeur, its Macedonian gunman-guard, its Macedonian guide, and one lone American—which went whirling through the cobbled streets and then, reaching the execrable country roads outside the city, settled down, with many a jolt and bump, to a steady pound-pound at twenty miles an hour.

It was headed toward the turbulent Jugoslav frontier—a line between "friendly" states, nominally at peace with each other, but guarded every foot of its way by sentries and watch dogs, completely closed except at the Tsaribrod Pass, where I had crossed a few days before, and with a jagged line of barbed wire entanglements slowly coiling its way up and down the mountainsides, and soon to be complete along the whole two hundred and fifty miles of savagely disputed border land.

Hovering somewhere on this border, was Ivan Michailoff, leader of the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization,—nicknamed the "Imro" from its initials—founded years ago to free Macedonia from the Turks and now fighting to drive the Jugoslavs out of the Macedonian territory awarded them after the War, and to unite it with the parts of Macedonia held by Greece and Bulgaria.

It is a strange thing, this revolutionary government. A government run by outlaws who are also idealists. A government whose chief never sleeps more than a night or two in the same place. A government that is perpetually on the run. And yet a government that maintains an army and an army reserve, a secret postal system with stamps of its own, an intelligence service, propganda, a system of foreign representatives, a department of education, courts, laws, and executioners—the relentless political assassins of the Imro, who go out to kill, wherever they may find him, the man whom the Imro's secret courts have condemned to death.

For me, it was an exciting moment.

Ivan Michailoff

At last I was nearing the end of my five thousand mile journey to see the head of this secret government whose word is law—enforced by political assassination — throughout the Balkans. Ten days I had waited in Sofia, never daring to leave the city, scarcely daring to leave my room for more than a few hours, lest word might come that at last the coast was clear, and it was possible for the revolutionary leader to receive me.

Three times his secret emissaries—never the same man twice—had slipped quietly into the hotel: agreeable young university men, all three, who would have seemed quite natural and at ease in a good club anywhere in the world. It was hard to believe that they were really representatives of a secret revolutionary organization.

I had reached Bulgaria knowing that my only hope of seeing the revolutionists' supreme chief was to find some one who could take me to one of his secret lairs in the mountains—knowing, too, that the only men who could take me there were living lives of constant danger, ever on the alert for plots against themselves, the organization, or the chief. They would have to be convinced of the good faith of any wandering American who arrived suddenly from Jugoslavia, demanding to see Ivan Michailoff.

There was only one man in Bulgaria who could tell me where to find the secret agent representing the revolutionary leader in the capital. To him I went with my credentials. Twenty-four hours later the secret agent had called upon me, and a message reporting my presence was on its way to the Imro's chief, somewhere in the mountains. Incidentally, the secret agent had found time to express courteous disapproval of the particular brand of Macedonian cigarettes he had found me smoking. Macedonia could do better than that! Next day, out of nowhere, a mysterious packet of propaganda and a box of one hundred *Makedonkas* appeared upon my little writing table. I asked no questions—it is an art that one learns early, in the Balkans. And

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besides, the cigarettes were excellent.

For days there was no other sign that the Imro even knew of my existence. Then, one evening, quietly, from no place in particular, came a new messenger. The chief knew of my presence; but I must be patient for a few days more. At last, the final messenger, a pleasant young man looking very much as if he spent his days in a Wall Street broker's office, slipped into the room late one evening and—smiling slightly—observed in excellent German: "I think you are going on a little journey."

"Ah," said I, "and how long will the journey last?"

"I think you will be back in Sofia in about two days. But be sure you are on time to-morrow."

"Shall I take a pistol?" I inquired.

The revolutionist looked horrified.

"Quite needless!" he assured me, earnestly. "*We* are responsible for your safety. No man has ever trusted himself in our hands and not come safely back." It was comforting news, for one of the last bits of advice given me by a Macedonian in America had been: ". . . . And if any shooting starts—duck! Remember the Imro's enemies always fire at the civilian first."

MORNING FOUND ME loitering outside the hotel door. At five minutes to the hour, precisely, a pedestrian turned the corner. It was my friend of ten days before.

"Are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Then come."

Behind the hotel, almost under my window, the car was waiting. Three men leaped out as I approached, and I surveyed my companions in adventure curiously: the chauffeur, sturdy, reserved, unobtrusive—a typical Bulgar; the gunman, short, stocky, with the checked suit and cap and grim expression of his trade; a spectacled young university man, selected because he could speak German and entertain the Imro's guest.

I can see every foot of that journey still—the herds of sheep and goats, stampeding madly up steep Balkan hillsides at the mere sight of a motor. The team of oxen that turned and fled, dragging the wagon with them across the fields while an irate driver gave frantic chase. The rearing, bucking gipsy horses. The stolid donkeys, each with his two baskets, one slung on either side. The towering mountains around whose flanks the road wound dizzily. The rocky ravines, falling five hundred feet sheer from the roadside, with no railings—only an occasional upright stone by way of safeguard. And all the way, in my ear, the quiet, cultivated voice of the revolutionist who was responsible for me and for my safety—conversing placidly of landscapes and industry, agriculture, world politics, literature. Whom did I think the greatest American writer? In his own opinion, Mark Twain. Oh, yes. And was there any truth in this rumor that in New York girls now appeared on the streets without stockings? Really, very odd!

Suddenly, there was a shout from the roadside. The car rushed on for a safe distance, then jolted to a halt. The guard leaped out, clapping his hand to a hip pocket suggestively; and strode with alacrity back toward the men who had hailed us. There was a colloquy while we waited for shots. Then—*"Bekannte Leute,"* said my guide. There was a little conversation, much curious peering at that unknown species, an American, and on we rushed again. Ten miles more, fifteen, twenty, then another halt. A horse and carriage and three men stood waiting—another stolid driver, another alert young gunman, and another guide. They were to replace the group who had brought me. The exact spot where I was to meet the leader must remain a secret—even from his own men, who had taken charge of me in Sofia.

The guard leaped on the seat opposite and the carriage started off, down country roads, along by-paths, over fields where there was scarcely a trace of wheel ruts, until we drew up at last in front of a little farm-house, almost buried in the luxuriance of its orchard. The guard took the pigskin briefcase which was all my baggage. (I have a suspicion that it was quietly but dextrously searched for lethal weapons.

"We shall wait here a while," said my companion. "Don't you want to walk up the road a bit?"—and off we strolled. (I know now that keen eyes must have been watching to make quite sure that this American was really what he claimed to be—and not, after all, the secret emissary of any one of half a dozen foes, come to assassinate the chief. But all this so courteously, so quietly, so adroitly, that at the time it seemed the most natural thing in the world.)

Presently a peasant came hurrying after us, and murmured something in an undertone. We turned back toward the farmhouse. The apple-trees were weighted down with fruit—Bulgaria is one vast apple orchard—and the heavy boughs hung nearly to the ground.

Out of their leafy green a man emerged—slightly built but wiry, surprisingly young, yet with a keen, lined face, the face of a man whose whole life is consumed with one idea, a face that might with equal appropriateness have belonged to a saint of the early Church or the Roman emperor who ordered his persecution. He was simply clad in heavy brown homespun, the bright red and black woven wool stockings of the mountaineer and the low-cut *opintzi,* soft, rawhide slippers, hardly more than sandals except at the upturned toes, such as every peasant wears. He held out his hand and said simply: "Michailoff."

AGAIN I STARED in amazement. This unpretentious man with the gentle voice was not quite my idea of the ruthless leader of Macedonian *comitadjis,* whose secret power stretches over most of Europe. Nor had I expected him so soon. I was to have gone on, mule-back, deeper still into the mountains. The explanation was simple. It was a rainy day. The leader of the Imro feared that his American guest—unused to mountaineering in Bulgaria—might be chilled. In the mountains, a guest is sacred. And so this man with a price upon his head, who is "illegal everywhere," who is beyond all laws save those which the Imro makes, had come down out of the innermost mountain fastnesses, at the risk of his life—all to save an importunate American the chance of taking cold!

But he had not come wholly unprotected. For as the peasant women spread a table for us under the apple-trees, I looked up suddenly and saw his guard. Nine *comitadjis* stood there, under the hanging boughs, perfectly hidden from the road, in plain sight from the farm-house, eyeing the American curiously. Sturdy, weather-beaten fellows, with hideous scars showing here and there, each man armed with rifle and pistol, each man with the stout leather bandolier, loaded with bombs and cartridges, which never leaves the *comitadji,* waking or sleeping, until he dies. In each a hundred rounds or so of ammunition and a handful of the wicked little bombs, no bigger than an egg, which the revolution-

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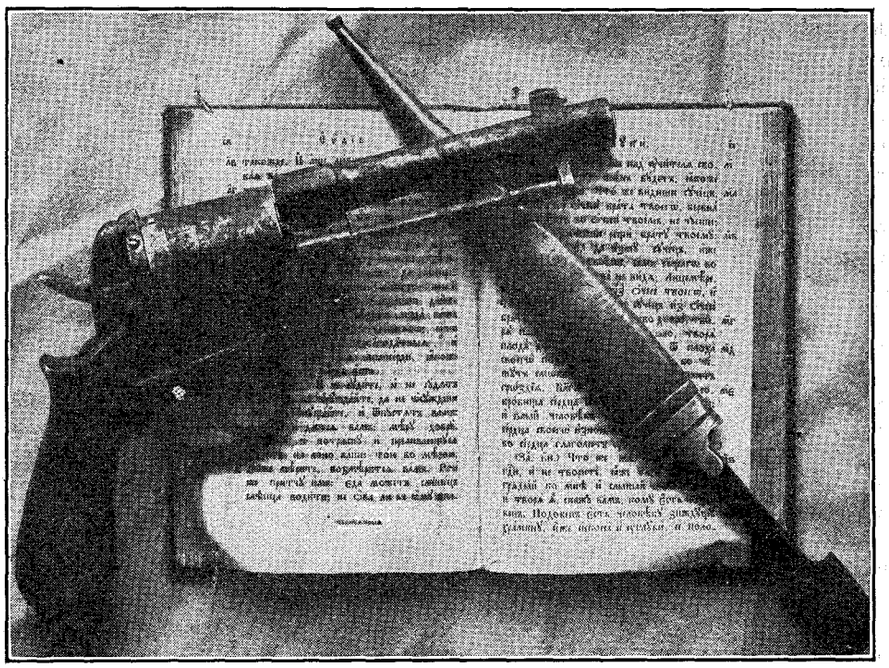
ary government manufactures in its own secret arsenal and stamps with its own initials to remind its enemies that the Imro's war knows no relenting. Their uniforms were simple khaki—no military trappings or adornment—their breasts criss-crossed tangles of straps, securing the precious arms and equipment that must not be lost in the rough-and-tumble of even the fiercest mountain fighting.

We sat down under the trees, partly screened from the fine drizzle, the revolutionary leader immediately opposite—across the narrow table—the interpreter beside me. Most of the *comitadjis,* superbly indifferent to weather, wrapped themselves in their long cloaks and went to sleep under the trees. Sturdy and weather-beaten as they all were, with every sign of vigorous outdoor lives about them, none of them were sun-tanned. I was puzzled. It had nothing to do with the political situation in Macedonia, to be sure, but I was curious enough to ask a question. The answer was obvious: They seldom saw the sun. In the desperate guerilla warfare that the Imro wages against an enemy whose numbers are overwhelmingly superior, movements can be made only by night. Michailoff himself had covered forty or fifty miles within the last week—slipping through the unmapped mountains in the darkness, alone or with only a few of his faithful bodyguard, receiving and sending messages as he moved, through an intricate system of communications which can, at need, reach anywhere in the world, never sleeping more than two or three nights in the same spot—thus adding to the difficulties of possible murderers—thinking, working, plotting, and planning constantly for a single end.

"Precisely what are you fighting for?" I asked, as we sat down—literally "under the green-wood tree."

"A free and independent Macedonia," answered Michailoff instantly, with the precision of a man voicing an old and familiar thought. "It must be united to include the parts now in Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Greece."

His voice had the ring that comes when a man talks of the one thing he cares most about in all the world; and as I waited for the interpreter to begin, I had a unique chance to study that thin, keen, eager face so close to me across the narrow table. It was a charming face, chiselled like a Greek statue; but there was in it more than a little of the stern inflexibility of



THE NEW TESTAMENT IN OLD BULGARIAN
The crossed dirk and pistol on which every comitadji must swear his allegiance to the Imro

Roman marble. As he sat there, proclaiming the Imro's rigid determination to fight till Macedonia is free, no matter how long that fight may last, no matter what the cost in blood or life, or money, his voice never left the ordinary level of quiet conversation. He was ready to defy three governments and the whole League of Nations, but he did not raise his voice. And—as one looked across the table and watched the gleam of fierce determination come and go in the cool eyes that were now brown, now grey, now green, now all three at once—it was easy to see whence came the unfaltering resolution that has driven the revolutionary organization relentlessly onward for the last five years. Suddenly, as he made a point with quiet vigor, his features tightened and two thin double lines defined themselves on each side of his face, above the mouth.

There was no doubt about it now. This was indeed the man at whose orders ruthless executioners went out to trail down the men whom the Imro had condemned to death. But what was he saying? The Peace Conference gave most of the territory that he claims for Macedonia to the Jugoslavs. The Bulgarians have a little, the Greeks a little more. But the Imro's chief enemy now is the Serbian element in Yugoslavia:

"We have only two means of bringing pressure to bear. One is to keep up the spirit of the Macedonian people by secret means, with which we gradually undermine the Yugoslav state.

"The other is to keep the Macedonian question alive by terrorism: to force all the people of the world to pay some heed to it. We do not care what we do, provided only that we keep the question alive. Bombs, assassinations, terrorism of any kind are good things, if they serve this one purpose."

His words gave me an opening for the question I had wanted to ask from the beginning. I was curious to know how Ivan Michailoff regarded the ethics of assassination. Yet it was an awkward question to ask, none the less awkward because I was a guest—nor, to tell the truth any easier because I was surrounded on every side by the men who had actually carried out the assassinations. It was unquestionably a moment for diplomacy—and I threw the blame upon the American public. This, said I, was a matter not well understood in America. It was therefore necessary to ask a tactless question:

"Is there any moral justification for political assassination?"

But I might have spared my painful efforts to be diplomatic. They were quite needless. Michailoff's face did not even change. His voice went on—quiet, even, well-bred, without a trace of anger or surprise. If Americans did not happen to understand this particular point, he would set them right—or so his quiet bearing seemed to say.

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"Yes, of course there is. An agent of the Imro commits political assassination precisely as a soldier kills on the battlefield: for the sake of a cause—his country's freedom—and at the risk of his own life. What else can we do? What other means is there of keeping the Macedonian question alive? The European diplomats would be glad enough to forget about us, if we were foolish enough to let them.

"Macedonia is a battlefield. The Imro *is* the Macedonian government. There is a war between us and the Serbs. We are fighting for the liberty of our country, precisely as you Americans fought a hundred and fifty years ago. Our enemies are fighting to keep us in slavery. The Serbs have condemned to death every Macedonian who carried arms. *We* have condemned to death every Serb who comes into Macedonia with arms. We fight our enemies and have to kill them, since we are oppressed and killed ourselves."

I looked up suddenly and almost jumped at what I saw. Not all of the *comitadjis* were resting under the trees. Thirty feet away one stood on guard, half hidden by the apple boughs, only his head and shoulders and the ready rifle showing. He was facing *in*, not out. He was not guarding his chief against possible danger from without, but against the interviewer from America, whose record was known, who came with approved credentials, but who might, after all,—for you never can tell in the Balkans—be treacherous.

Across the table, the quiet voice went on, urbane and quite undisturbed, explaining why Macedonia claims the country around Salonica. True, there were a good many Greeks there, but the Greek population had been artifically introduced and the legitimate Macedonian population driven out.

There would, possibly, be trouble with the Greek government, but in the end Greece would have to yield. The Bulgarian Government—as distinguished from the Bulgarian people—had made mistakes in the past but was taking a better attitude now. When the time came, it would acquiesce in Macedonian autonomy.

The drizzle, with which the morning had begun, was turning into a downpour now, and the ink was hardly legible on my paper. We sought refuge in the farmhouse, where an upper room stood ready—its only furniture two iron beds, a clothes press, a table, and three chairs, plus a pistol and a small machine gun.

All the rest of the morning we sat there, talking of Macedonia, its struggle, and its future. I asked whether the Powers might intervene. Michailoff replied that he expected no help from any government; counted, rather, on public opinion. I asked whether or not the League of Nations could do nothing. Michailoff replied that technically it is a guarantor of Yugoslav soil, which — again technically — includes Macedonia. The League is not even securing the Macedonians their right to their own language, their own churches, their own schools.

I asked also whether there is not danger that the Imro's struggle for freedom may not lead to a new World War. For Balkan diplomacy now is very like Balkan diplomacy in 1914: rivalry of two great powers, a struggle for national unification, secret political organizations relying on assassination. Now, as before, it needs only the assassination of the right (or the wrong) man to provoke a war which may spread far and wide. But the revolutionist was unmoved.

"If right cannot triumph—then we do not care what may happen."

The interview was over. We had talked nearly three hours. And now the door flew open and one trusted peasant appeared—the only man who entered the room while the revolutionary leader was there. It was time for luncheon—such a luncheon as only the Macedonian mountains could provide. Thick soup with chicken in it, chicken cooked in oil, a salad of cucumbers, tomatoes, and the peppers which accompany almost every Bulgarian meal in summer, and then—lest the American guest might not have a palate for all this excellent Balkan fare—another chicken, broiled in the European style. Then a huge red *lubnitza* (watermelon) the favorite delicacy of the Balkans, then Turkish coffee, thick and sweet, and last of all, Bulgarian apples. The revolutionary chief picked up three that were larger, redder, rounder than the rest and held them out.

"Mr. Michailoff wishes to present you with these apples," the interpreter began in explanation. "These apples do not grow in this part of the country. They are particularly choice and he has brought them through the mountains for you."

Waging a private war against the largest state in the Balkans, moving always at the risk of his life, he had nevertheless had time to think, a day or two before, of the American, waiting a couple hundred miles away in Sofia. He had brought a present of fruit along, through the night, guarded by *comitadjis*, over mountain trails where at any moment a shot might ring out, a bomb explode, and another of the numberless mountain skirmishes begin. No

(Please Turn to Page 397)

Typical Michailoff Follower

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The Trend of Events

The Protest Spreads

IN THE THREE WEEKS since Pope Pius XI denounced the "horrible, sacrilegious iniquities" of the anti-religious campaign in Russia, his statement has echoed and re-echoed endlessly. In England, it was promptly endorsed by the Chief Rabbi in London and by the Archbishops of York and Canterbury. A few days later it was similarly endorsed in the United States.

Pope Pius designated March 19 as a day of prayer for Russia's reformation. The Archbishop of Canterbury designated March 16. In New York City, Episcopal Bishop Manning asked for prayers on March 19, and for March 16 announced a special service, to be held in conjunction with the Greater New York Federation of Churches in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In Albany the lower house of the New York State Legislature formally sympathized with the Christian people of Russia "in the terrible hours of their agony in being denied their right to worship God." In Washington, Senator Borah sent a diplomatic inquiry to Moscow, and a resolution was introduced in Congress approving American protests against Russia's denial of religious liberty.

Such protests have been numerous. The American Jewish Congress has expressed readiness to co-operate with other creeds in opposition to the "unspeakable repressions" in Russia. The American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, denouncing "persecutions that have shocked the moral sense of the civilized world," has asked this Government to make no treaty recognizing Russia without including a clause guaranteeing religious freedom. The National Lutheran Council has sent "greetings and encouragement to the Lutheran Church in Russia in this hour of its great trial." Through its American president, the Lutheran World Convention called on the world's 81,000,000 Lutherans to observe March 2 as a day of prayer and protest against the Soviet Government's acts. "The condition of the Christian churches of Russia," it declared, "is intolerable."

Peculiarly enough, the person who should most warmly resent the anti-religious campaign warmly resents objections to it. Metropolitan Sergius, acting Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, denies that Russian priests have been treated illegally and intimates that the statements of the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, "and others who joined the outcry," are "aimed at harming Soviet Russia." All these

Wide World

OUTSPOKEN
Bishop Manning of New York condemns "wicked, cruel, and inhuman deeds" in Russia

statements, he holds, are "fundamental contradictions of Christian doctrine." Moreover, "they must decisively be condemned by all devout Christians."

Stretching a Fuse

APPARENTLY METROPOLITAN SERGIUS is saying less what he thinks than what the Soviet Government wants him to think. If the facts bore him out, the international protest might speedily collapse. But they do not. Doubtless many of the moves in the Russian anti-religious campaign can be explained by reference to politics rather than religion. Most of the so-called "atrocities" appear to be more rhetorical than real. Even so, it seems hardly arguable that Russia is discouraging the practice of religion while encouraging anti-religious propaganda.

This, of course, will be resented by religious associations in foreign countries. Probably their protests will do little good, but so long as they are kept within bounds they may do little harm. However, before protestants become too fervid, before they ask statesmen to exert pressure on Russia for the abandonment of the campaign, they should stop short and think hard.

The Russian situation is a powder barrel. It can easily explode into war.

The anti-religious campaign has focused attention on three fuses, one emotional, one economic, one political. Together, they have dangerous potentialities. The cry of religious persecution, especially when uttered by high church authorities, works powerfully on the emotions of millions. It stirs up anger; it inflames hatred. While it might never send an army marching against Moscow, it might make men ready for a war motivated by other reasons. And in this case there are other reasons.

Walter Duranty, New York *Times* correspondent, noting that exports from Russia have begun to include manufactured goods, declares that a socialistic state can, if it wishes, undercut capitalistic competitors for foreign markets. For the time being, Russian exports are small, their prices relatively high—for the time being. It makes other countries no friendlier toward Russia to reflect that what is true today may not be true tomorrow.

European nations, still but slightly disturbed over this possible economic development, are more concerned with a possible political development. If Stalin's Leftward swing carries him to triumph, if success attends his efforts to socialize not only industry but agriculture, Communism in other nations will be greatly stimulated.

These three fuses, then, lead to a powder barrel plainly marked "Danger-

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ous." If statesmen are cautious no clash will occur to ignite them. Nevertheless, agitators against the anti-religious campaign should realize that they are stretching one fuse through nation after nation, vastly increasing its chances of being struck by a spark.

▶▶Moral Anecdote

JOHN C. BRENT, author, who probably had never stolen before in his life, confused fiction with reality. He had read many magazine detective stories built around priceless diamonds and pearls. He had even written and sold a few himself. Broke, but needing a diamond solitaire, he decided to impersonate one of his own suave and gentlemanly crook-heroes.

Dressed, we assume, impeccably; with spats, gardenia, cane, the air of a connoisseur, and—but of course—an assumed name, he took to frequenting a jewelry house in down-town New York, examining diamonds, selecting those which pleased him. It was a serious business, requiring several visits. Finally, seated in the jeweler's private office before a tray of rings, he inquired the weight of one. The jeweler turned to refer to his records. In a trice, customer and tray had disappeared.

But stop. Behind the counter stood Honest John Steer, eighteen, an office boy recently promoted to salesman. John's quick eye saw the theft. He remembered his loyalty to the firm. He remembered his feats as star tackle on the high school football team. He remembered, no doubt, his Horatio Alger. While older clerks wrung their hands, he made a flying tackle and brought down the thief, about to vanish into the subway. The Alger tradition scuffled with the tradition of Raffles and Arsene Lupin, and won. Brent rose, outplayed, but still in character. He brushed his coat, smiled, and lighted a cigarette. (Guess what brand.)

Honest John Steer, it goes without saying, will be handsomely rewarded, promoted, eventually made a member of the firm. Even as an old man, surrounded by every luxury, he will never forget his humble beginnings, but will be constantly on the lookout for true-hearted young lads such as he was to whom he may tell the story of his life. John Brent will be tried for grand larceny. Perhaps, to complete the story, he will be able to prove that the diamonds he stole were only paste, cleverly substituted, in order to prove to the old-fashioned jeweler how easily he could be victimized. He may even turn out to be a high-pressure burglar-alarm salesman in disguise. If not, far better for him had he remained prosaically before his typewriter and imagined the whole affair. He could then have sold the story of Honest John Steer, bought his solitaire, and awaited a moon-lit night.

▶▶Change in Mid-Stream

THE DEBONAIR TARDIEU'S GAIETY at the naval conference turned to petulance when the Chamber of Deputies tipped him out of office. Had he paid more attention to domestic politics and less to foreign affairs, he might have remained on top. What with the Hague and the London conferences, however, until influenza disabled him he had been in Paris but five or six days since the first of the year. His enemies flourished in his absence. Changing cabinets is a favorite French pastime, and M. Tardieu had been in power for three months. At an opportune moment, the opposition struck. The trivial question of tax exemption for the salaries of shop-keepers' wives was made a matter for a test of confidence. Outvoted, the government promptly resigned.

Keystone

AFTER TARDIEU

Camille Chautemps, French Radical-Socialist, who was invited to form a cabinet

While the naval conference recessed, efforts to construct a new French cabinet went forward. Undismayed by Tardieu's tart refusal to participate, Camille Chautemps, leader of the Left bloc which overthrew the government, formed a ministry but failed to win the Chamber of Deputies' approval. Foreign observers had been encouraged to note that, succeeding a Cabinet based chiefly on the Right, the Chautemps Ministry drew heavily on the Left. Any Left Cabinet would be considered a good omen for the naval negotiations, for the spirit of the French arms delegation is subject to change though the formal French policies are not. Broadly speaking, the parties of the French Left sympathize with the aims of the Labor party in Great Britain—peace, conciliation, and disarmament.

Naturally, M. Briand appeared in the short-lived Chautemps Cabinet. Few Cabinets would care to dispense with his services. At London under Tardieu he has philosophically been playing second fiddle. Given a free hand, with opportunities to display his talents for eloquence and compromise over some groaning London luncheon table, and he might do much to save the conference from failure.

Lack of a stable majority in the Chamber is a constant peril to any French government. A government of the Left occupies an especially slippery position in that the Chamber's Left is slightly outweighed by its Right. The support of the Deputies is fickle. So, apparently, is their interest in the negotiations at London. Their willingness to change governments on petty issues in the middle of the conference indicates no great esteem for the naval parley or its probable decisions.

▶▶French Security

WHATEVER FRENCH GOVERNMENT carries the London negotiations to completion will, presumably, endorse Tardieu's offer to swap arms reduction for political security. How radically France, under any security agreement, would slash Tardieu's maximum demand of 725,000 tons of naval armament by 1936 is problematical. The security afforded her by the World Court, the League Covenant, the Locarno treaties, and the Kellogg pact has but stimulated her to build a big navy, a whopping air force, and the world's largest army. Yet reports persist that she would sharply curtail her naval demands in return for one or more of three suggested political agreements.

France would like, first, a treaty designed to preserve the present status in the Mediterranean. This proposal is made to Great Britain, rather than

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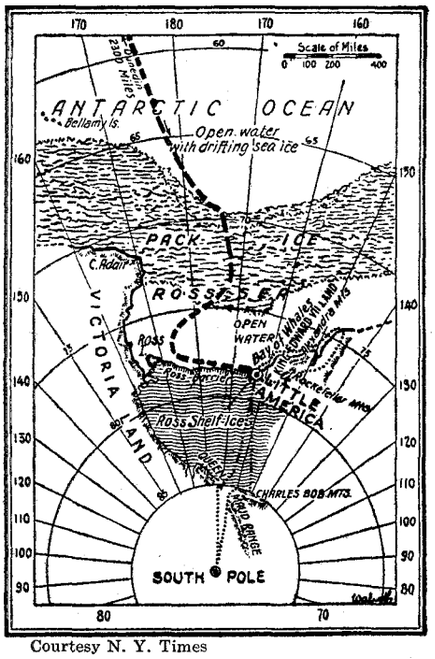

Courtesy N. Y. Times

AT THE BOTTOM

Course followed by Byrd's ship, now homeward bound, on its recent trip to Little America

to the United States, since our interest in the Mediterranean is slight. France would like, secondly, an agreement by which the naval powers would promise not to supply an aggressor with food and munitions. This is aimed directly at the United States, but the Senate would almost surely reject it. France would like, thirdly, an agreement by which the naval powers would pledge themselves to sit down and talk things over in case of a threat of war.

This third proposal has been bluntly opposed in America, but it is hard to see why. Even the skittish Senate, it would seem, could be persuaded not to shy away from it. It is difficult to understand why France should set much store by an agreement of this kind, but if she does, why shouldn't she have it? It should help—though not much—to avert war; it would commit us to nothing of any great consequence; it would represent no novel departure in our foreign policies. Eight years ago, and with the approval of the Senate, we became a party to precisely such an arrangement. Under the four-power Pacific treaty we agreed that, whenever a dispute affects the accord among the signers, they shall hold "a general conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment." Such a treaty seems better designed to postpone warfare than to prevent it.

Is there any good reason why the American delegates at London should not support a similar treaty to apply to the Atlantic? Doubtless some Senate irreconcilables would oppose it; some Senate irreconcilables will oppose anything progressive. Yet certainly so harmless a proposal could not be convincingly opposed by the Senate as a whole.

▶▶*Coming Home*

THE BYRD EXPEDITION has folded its charts, disconnected the tortured radio station, packed up the photographic paraphernalia, finished up odds and ends of food around the camp that were too good to waste, and started for New Zealand and home. The Commander returns a Rear Admiral. During the year and a half of his absence, he has been the first man to fly over the South Pole and has made possible the exploration of more than 150,000 square miles of new territory, the discovery of a new mountain range, and the opening up of new and rich fields for geology. He deserves, and will get, a rousing welcome.

It occurs to us that, having been all these months without newspapers, the Admiral will be at a decided conversational disadvantage during the first weeks of his arrival. There will be few details of his trip which (courtesy New York *Times*) his family and friends will not already know. Whereas Byrd, who departed this country on October 10, 1928, will know nothing. He will stare curiously at his first handful of small currency, at the longer skirts, the taller buildings, and the new magazine formats. He will have to be told about modern furniture, humanism, the Theremin, Mrs. Doran's kickless cocktails, suntan, backless bathing-suits, and the new Fords. He will have to read the Coolidge and Smith biographies, *Ex-Wife*, ten or fifteen new Edgar Wallace mysteries, *Cradle of the Deep*, and *The Specialist*. He may never have done an anagram. He may never have seen a talkie.

Perhaps as good a way as any for his friends to bring Byrd up to date would be to take matters alphabetically. Thus—Anne Lindbergh, Aviation developments; Bishop Cannon, Bremen, Brookhart, Bulletin 23; Carnera, Chicago, Coolidge wedding; Duveen trial; Edison birthday party, Ella May Wiggins; Farm bill, Flagpole sitters, French cabinet; Ganns, Gastonia, Gliders; Hague Conference, Helen Wills. And so on, down to United States of Europe; Vestris, Vatican accord, Vallee. . . . Of course there is always a chance that Admiral Byrd won't be listening. He may be, we suppose he will be, sitting still, thinking where he can fly to next.

▶▶*Mistreated Ileana*

SOMEBODY, SOMEHOW, has treated Princess Ileana badly. Immediately following the announcement of her engagement to Count Alexander von Hochberg, rumor-mongers directed a barrage against the young Count's character. His past was said to contain "improprieties." There were guarded charges of blackmail. At first, all such rumors were dismissed as the work of wicked Red agitators. Then came the news that the Rumanian Government, investigating the Count, had weighed his finances and found them wanting. Though the truth of the matter probably will never be made public, and though the betrothal may never be officially cancelled, it nevertheless appears to be definitely off.

The incident, decidedly unpleasant for the young Princess, has made that much-distressed lady, Queen Marie, more distressed than ever. Having already applauded the engagement as a "pure love match," she was obliged to face about and dismiss it as "purely a love affair," the announcement of which had never had her official endorsement. Moreover, she has had to hear renewed grumbling from friends of the exiled Prince Carol, who imply that the royal

Underwood

DISENGAGED

Princess Ileana and Count Alexander, whose betrothal apparently has been dissolved

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household sadly needs the presence of a man. There has also been widespread protest from Rumanians, angered to see the popular Ileana being blunderingly made the innocent victim of public scandal.

Yet as far as the world at large is concerned, the scandal will soon be forgotten. What is important is that Ileana, apparently, is free again. As we pointed out when it was announced, her engagement to Count von Hochberg was not satisfactory. It was not sufficiently interesting. It is our earnest hope that, having got this far, she will now follow out the rest of our suggestion. So that, if the Prince of Wales and Prince Boris of Bulgaria are indeed out of the question, she will throw aside her rank and completely capture the hearts of the world and the columns of the press by marrying a commoner. We suggested a self-made millionaire, a Rumanian aide-de-camp with whom she was once rumored to have eloped, or the West Point cadet whom she met while visiting America. Our first choice is the West Point cadet.

▶▶*British Commonwealth*

THE RELATIONS of the United Kingdom and the British Dominions were carefully described in the Imperial Conference of 1926. "Autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status. . . . united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations"—so, in part, ran the thoughtfully worded definition. It is to bring legislation into line with this that a commission of jurists, whose recently issued report will probably be adopted at the Imperial Conference of 1930, has been sitting in London.

The report makes four recommendations. The first grants Dominions power over their own ships and shipping. Another recites that no dominion law shall be declared void because repugnant to English law. The third gives Dominions the right to make laws having extra-territorial effect; for example, it permits Canada to control her aviators when they are outside her borders. The fourth removes the veto power of the Crown over dominion legislation. This power can be exercised in two ways: first, by disallowance—the Crown can veto dominion legislation on the advice of Cabinet ministers; secondly, by reservation—a Governor General of a Dominion, appointed by the Crown, can withhold approval of a law until the pleasure of His Majesty has been ascertained.

Erasing these inequalities will keep the record straight, though, practically, they mean little. They are of far less importance than the concessions already enjoyed by the commonwealths, such as the right to make treaties, impose tariffs, receive and send diplomatic representatives, and function independently as responsible governments. The Crown's veto power, for instance, has not been used against New Zealand since 1867, or against Canada since 1873; it has never been used against Australia or the Union of South Africa.

Keystone

HAS A PARTY
Lord Beaverbrook, sponsor of new political group in Britain

By a gradual process—starting in the third quarter of the 19th Century with the withdrawal of British troops from the colonies and speeding up during the war and post-war period—there has been evolved a form of government reconciling ancient imperialism and modern nationalism, shattering the old concept of ruler and ruled. The British Empire is now a federation of free, willingly co-operating states. Each is privileged to work out its own cultural life, develop its particular institutions, and solve its economic problems. This well-known fact is merely given formal recognition in the definition of 1926 and in the jurists' report issued some days ago.

▶▶*Beavermere Party*

CHOCK FULL OF GUSTO, England's gigantic pressmen, Baron Beaverbrook, born William Maxwell Aitken, and Viscount Rothermere, born Harold Sidney Harmsworth, stand before the British footlights like Gallagher and Shean, inviting public approval. "Tax our foodstuffs, Mr. Harmsworth?" "Absolutely, Mr. Aitken." Bursts of applause may come from the entertained gallery, but box-holders sit on their hands.

Britain's political bigwigs frankly dislike the Beaverbrook-Rothermere song, with its title, "Free Trade Within the Empire." Dominion leaders sneer their colonial sneer; Lloyd George hisses and boos; Philip Snowden's ascetic face wrinkles into sardonic lines. As for poor Stanley Baldwin, sobbing quietly, he covers his eyes with his hands. Too well does Mr. Baldwin know what the Beaverbrook-Rothermere team may signify, what may happen if their new United Empire, or "Beavermere," party is successful. Too clearly he sees the possibility of a split in the Conservative party, with a large parliamentary majority for Ramsay MacDonald's free-trade Laborites.

The purpose of the Beavermere party is, briefly, to build up a tariff wall around the British Empire and to tear down tariff walls within it. Thus Canada and England would freely exchange their products, but a tariff would be imposed on, say, Danish butter and cheese imported into England, or American automobiles and office supplies imported into Canada.

Some dismiss the project as just another journalistic stunt designed to swell the circulation of the Beaverbrook and Rothermere newspapers, which already reach several million readers. They declare that Beaverbrook is trying to climb to the Premiership on a pile of his popular dailies, and that Rothermere is but following the traditions of his elder brother—the late Lord Northcliffe, from whom he inherited his group of papers—in trying to stir things up. It is true that substantial obstacles block the new party's path. Dominions fail to see why they should let down their barriers, protecting their growing industries, to aid the mother country's hungry manufacturers. The plan runs smack into the face of steadily developing Dominion

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nationalism. Again, stiff tariff duties, particularly on food, are poison to the average Englishman; the very thought of them makes him squirm.

Yet the Baron and the Viscount will enter candidates in bye-elections and in the next general election. They are raising a fund, they are bombarding their readers with propaganda, and they predict that their idea will triumph. Thus far, their optimism has not proved very contagious.

▶▶*In Massachusetts*

ALMOST DESPAIRING, Massachusetts Republicans await the election of Senator Gillett's successor in November. Beginning with the Smith sweep in 1928 and culminating with the recent choice of a Democratic Representative in the Second District, Massachusetts Democrats have won an impressive series of victories. After years of evasion, prohibition has become a contentious, unavoidable issue within the Republican party. Personal antagonisms intensify Republican discord.

Where shall the party find a savior? Few hats sailed aloft when William Morgan Butler replied by pointing politely to himself. Although then a Senator by appointment, as well as chairman of the Republican National Committee and President Coolidge's protegée, Mr. Butler was overwhelmingly beaten in 1926 by David I. Walsh. Rumor says he then ran as a dry out of deference to presidential wishes. Now, while he names economic welfare as the dominant issue, he promises to come out flatly on prohibition within a month. He is expected to come out wet.

If he does, he will doubtless feel the stings of the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. Moreover, he is already opposed by former-Governor Fuller, a powerful vote-getter, though a dry and a thorn in the side of the organization. Mr. Fuller has announced that he fully expects to run for the senatorial nomination, yet politicians are still uncertain that he will. They credit him rather with intentions of making life difficult for those who do, including Eben S. Draper, a wet who polled a heavy vote in the primaries two years ago.

Should Massachusetts repeal its Baby Volstead act, send a few more wet representatives to Congress, and elect a wet Senator this fall, it would give the anti-prohibition cause an appreciable boost. Wet Republicans admit this, but gloomily add, with Louis K. Liggett, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, that their party cannot nominate a wet senatorial candidate and cannot elect a dry one.

Massachusetts Democrats have no unconquerable Walsh to put forward this year. Just now they are considering Marcus Aurelius Coolidge, well-named Eastern manufacturer, and "Joe" Ely, popular Western Yankee. Neither is likely to develop great vote-winning abilities, but these may not be necessary. Meantime, the one Republican whose chances of carrying the State are great —Calvin Coolidge—has been smoking cigars and watching the fish sport wetly off Catalina Island, in the distant Pacific.

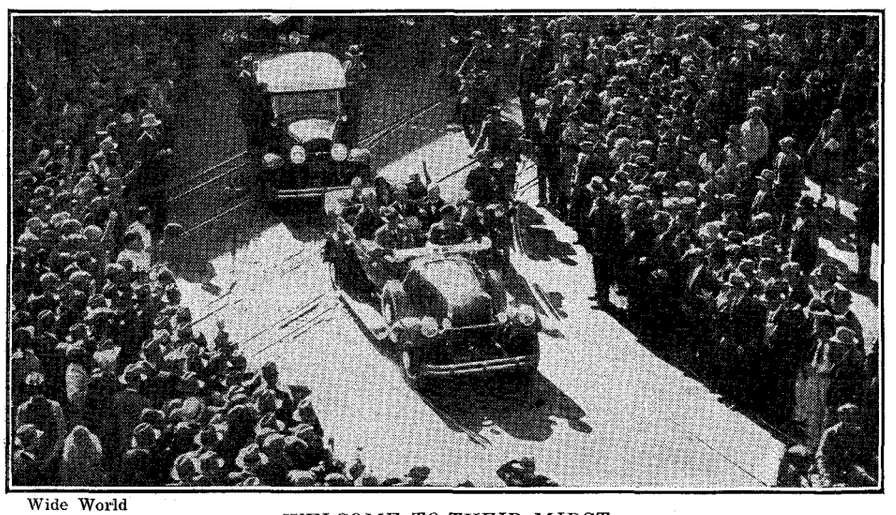
▶▶*Mr. Coolidge on Tour*

THEY SAY CALVIN COOLIDGE'S inscription on Mt. Rushmore will last for about five thousand centuries. By the end of that time some one may have hit on the secret of Mr. Coolidge's astonishing popularity. Any one who still questions that popularity can't have noticed how he was greeted in California.

The Governor, the Mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and a host of motor police met the Coolidges in Los Angeles. Streets, hung with flags, were jammed with eager, cheering citizens. Inside their hotel, massed bellboys showered the guests with bunches, baskets, and boxes of flowers, while shrilling telephones brought greetings galore and throngs of callers trod on one another's heels. Next day, Mr. Coolidge, out walking, threw away a half-smoked cigar. Bystanders promptly dived for it, pushed, shoved, and kicked for it. A woman retrieved it, put it in her handbag, and hurried away. She wouldn't give her name. Probably afraid of being robbed.

Mr. Coolidge's characterization of himself and his wife as "just a couple of tourists, seeking modest accommodations and a chance quietly to look around" seemed, therefore, more than a little ironic. Politicians, dismissing the pleasure-trip explanation, frankly wonder what Northampton's first citizen is up to. When Will Rogers advised Mr. Coolidge to shake hands with any one who looked like Hiram Johnson, they saw in the remark not only humor but much sound sense. They remember—pro-Hoover Republicans may remember with twinges of dread—that Mr. Coolidge's famous do-not-choose cryptogram mentioned no unwillingness to run for President in 1932.

Curiosity overmastered one Los Angeles newsgatherer. Letting himself into the distinguished visitor's rooms, he met Mr. Coolidge, bathrobed, coming from a shower. "Mr. Coolidge," he said, "is it true that you are planning to run again?" Mr. Coolidge ordered the truth-seeker to leave, but he needn't have been so brusque. Every one wants to know the answer to that question. Every one, from the most humble citizen alive, right up to—and, yes, even including—the President of the United States.



Wide World

WELCOME TO THEIR MIDST

Los Angeles turned out in force to greet former-President and Mrs. Coolidge

▶▶*Tariff Parley*

ON FEBRUARY 17 thirty-seven nations opened their tariff-truce conference in Geneva. A cynic might say that, in the once-current catchphrase, they picked a good day for it.

On February 17 Lord Beaverbrook launched his United Empire party designed to erect a tariff wall around the

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British Empire against all the rest of the world. On the same day the United States Senate resumed consideration of a bill, which, despite the trepidation of Senator Grundy, may eventually give us the highest tariffs we have ever had.

On the following day, American automobile men appeared before the French Chamber of Deputies' tariff commission to protest against new rates on American cars and parts which, if imposed, might practically bar them from the French market. Probably not even the Deputies themselves are as yet certain just how much the French rates will be jacked up. If they are not raised to prohibitive heights, it may be due primarily to French fear lest Congress retaliate by boosting the schedules on French exports even higher than it had planned. The same fear may influence Germany, which has also shown inclinations to wall American automobiles out of her markets.

The nations meeting at Geneva to halt the construction of tariff barriers, and to tear them down wherever possible, are furthering a movement that in the end may succeed. They perceive the force in the warning, issued by bankers and industrialists of many nations in 1926, against letting jealous nationalism persuade them into the attitude of treating all trading as a form of war. They see merit in Briand's proposal for a United States of Europe free of discouraging obstacles to interchange of goods. But they are bucking up against tradition and custom, frequently against strong self-interest and reckless greed. In the long run their idea may prevail, but not immediately. Giuseppi Bottai, Italian Minister of Fascist Corporations, frankly told them as much. "It appears more desirable," he said, "to wait until there is a wider comprehension throughout the world of national economic phenomena;" at present, agreements for a customs truce "appear to be premature in their character and inapplicable in practice." That seems to be about the size of it.

▶▶Curse of the Pharaohs

"Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of a Pharaoh," ran the ancient Egyptian curse. And the modern world, which prides itself on having shaken off superstition, shivers a little to note that the recent death of Lord Westbury in England brings to nine the number of deaths among those associated with the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen.

Did not Lord Westbury's suicide result from brooding over the mysterious death of his son, who was secretary to Howard Carter, director of the excavation? Did not another of the nine, a scholar and Egyptologist, commit suicide, giving as his reason his certainty that a curse was on him? Perhaps there *was* something in the old superstition.

Assuredly there is something in superstition. Most superstitions, as did this one, grow out of sound practical reasons. Ancient Egyptian burial rites were elaborate, in the case of Pharaohs magnificently so. Religious belief required that their tombs be filled with rich gifts. It is reasonable to assume that the Pharaohs were unwilling to risk having their tombs unsealed and their chances of finding favor with the gods diminished by thieves. Though they had not yet given a name to the power of suggestion, they knew its efficacy. They pronounced their curse.

Curses in general have now been pretty well aired out and have lost their potency. In the case of the Luxor excavation, it must be admitted that many of those associated with it who have since died were men well past middle years, among whom the mortality rate normally would be high. Undoubtedly death in all nine instances can be traced to natural, rather than supernatural, causes. Yet the spooky element lingers, partly because of its romantic flavor and partly because, even in 1930, the power of suggestion is by no means eliminated. Modern scientists are the first to admit this. They stress, however, what older civilizations stressed less frequently—that suggestion is capable of promoting salutary as well as vindictive ends.

Remarkable Remarks

I have lost my taste for writing since I did my autobiography a while ago.—Calvin Coolidge.

Let us not despise those who fail to save money.—Arthur Brisbane.

Material gain is not the sole motive nor has it ever been the sole criterion of our action as a nation.—Bainbridge Colby.

Once aggressive, liquor is now furtive; once defiant, it is now apologetic; once dictatorial, it is now suppliant.—Rev. Dr. F. Scott McBride.

The United States has no air force.—General William Mitchell.

America will get nothing out of the [naval] conference.—Dudley Field Malone.

You Americans had better build a bigger navy than the British.—Bernard Shaw.

Some of the biggest scoundrels in America today are the most learned.—Rev. Dr. Frank O. Hall.

I am marrying for love only.—Princess Ileana.

Why should a man trouble? He has always had food, clothes and devotion without alteration of a single thought of his head.—Zona Gale.

Another reason why many girls are not popular with men is because they are just general washouts.—Dorothy Dix.

▶▶In Brief

It is distressing to read that Mabel Walker Willebrandt has been arrested and fined for speeding. As the well-known argument goes, if Mrs. Willebrandt does not like the traffic laws she has a perfect right to work for their repeal, but it is up to her to observe them so long as they remain on the statute books. . . . Reports have it that the beauty contestant, Miss Peru, is Scottish, which, as far as we strict nationalists are concerned, flagrantly violates the rules and hopelessly confuses everything. . . . House leaders are reported as worrying over the Senate's reluctance to pass a tariff bill. Only a scoundrel would say that House leaders are really worrying over the Senate's reluctance to pass a high tariff bill. . . . Hoovercrats have been barred as candidates in the Democratic primaries of Alabama, which is overwhelmingly Democratic. Hoovercrats have not been, and will not be, barred as candidates in the Democratic primaries of Tennessee, which is half Democratic and half Republican. Thus a great principle is upheld, after the political fashion. . . . It is interesting to know just how much those working college men, constituting forty-six per cent of all, are earning while they learn. It would be even more interesting to know just how much they are learning while they earn. . . . "The President," says Senator Norris, "has only to announce that he will disregard politics and politicians, and political recommendations regarding policies or appointments. There is no other way of making the dry law effective." Alas for the panacea, Senator Norris, there isn't even that way.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"OLD JOE" GRUNDY, we fear, is too good to be true, or to last long in politics. Though a man of his age should have discovered long since that courage and plain speaking are vices sure to drive their possessor from public life, it seems he would have learned this lesson from his few months' association with the members of the United States Senate. For his own sake, we suggest that he take counsel from wily "Jim" Watson of Indiana, the G. O. P. leader whom nobody follows; Reed Smoot of Utah, spokesman for a kind of tariff whom nobody heeds; and "Sad Sam" Shortridge of California, whose investigation of the American shipbuilders' anti-disarmament lobby petered out into an exoneration. If the art with which these honorable gentlemen conceal their true thoughts in these times of trial do not inspire the Pennsylvania Senator to equal efforts at dissembling, let him pattern his conduct after some who rank even higher in the political scale than our harassed members of the Senate. Indeed, we suspect the latter gentry would inform Mr. Grundy that they are simply following in their superiors' footsteps.

These thoughts are prompted by Mr. Grundy's straightforwardness of speech and action in criticising President Hoover, the "sons of the wild jackasses," and the low rates of the Senate Coalition's tariff bill. Though some of his colleagues regret that the former lobbyist spoke his mind so plainly, we find many who share his views and are glad he called for a showdown. The Pennsylvanian's daring and disregard for convention, we think, cast light on things he used to do in the dark. Mr. Grundy, we suggest, has been wronged. He did not, as we once thought, collect millions of dollars for the G. O. P. campaign chest simply as a bribe with which to buy excessive duties on his State's manufactures. Protectionism, to him, is a religion, and his donations and demands were, in his opinion, the ritual of his creed. As Secretary Mellon said of the orgy of giving and spending which marked the Vare-Pepper primary of 1926, it was "just like giving to a church." Now, inasmuch as these millions may not get him the sort of tariff measure he wants, Mr. Grundy may feel they entitle him to express his real opinion of Presidents, Senators and such. Big politicians, it is obvious, command little respect from this man of Big Business.

We discover that even his critics appreciate his candor. We know few politicians who, when confronted with an ancient address in which they had characterized such a wonder-President as Mr. Hoover as inexperienced in legislative matters, and therefore to be distrusted, would not repudiate it or seek refuge in the right to change their mind. But not Mr. Grundy! Though he declined to elaborate his thesis for public consumption, he let it be known in certain quarters that he was of the same opinion still. Nor has he curried favor with members of the States which he calls "backward". Instead, he intimates that closer acquaintance convinces him he was correct the first time. His latest violation of the political code may have more serious consequences. Though he may not smoke out the President on the question of specific rates, the attempt was a unique and valiant move. There is not, we venture, another regular, Republican Senator who would dare to charge that Mr. Hoover, in revealing through a western newspaper that he favored the coalition rates, was carrying water on both shoulders. Despite regular conferences with Mr. Hoover, Messrs. Watson, Smoot and Fess plead ignorance as to the presidential views, even though they profess to be shocked at Mr. Grundy's suggestion.

Kirby in N. Y. World

All is **not** *quiet along the Potomac*

Senator Borah, of course, has been peddling this idea for several months, but nobody now looks upon him as regular or Republican. Certainly Mr. Hoover does not, since we hear the break between these two friends of campaign days is complete and caustic. Even the Idahoan, however, does not go so far as to suggest that "the President would sign any bill that would wreck industry"—a statement credited to the erstwhile lobbyist when told Mr. Hoover liked the Coalition's low rates better than those in the House or Senate Finance Committee measures.

The tariff dispute aside, we find Mr. Grundy's colleagues growing to like him. For one who came into our midst as a despised and discredited lobbygow for selfish and special interests, he has become extremely popular with members of Congress and the press gallery. Instead of cloven hoofs and horns, he has, we find, an amazingly attractive personality, an almost feminine smile, a pinkish complexion, fine features, a cultured manner, a gift for friendship. He is, Senator Capper of Kansas says, a thoughtful soul. When, in a casual conversation, Mr. Grundy discovered that Mr. Capper was a fellow-Quaker, the Pennsylvanian went to great pains to obtain for the westerner a tract he had wanted for many years without coming upon it. We hear of many similar instances in which Mr. Grundy, quite effortlessly, has converted critics into chums, including the sharp-tongued Thad Caraway, star lobby persecutor. With Pat Harrison, the Democratic wit, we predict that the ex-lobbyist "will make his influence felt" if he stays here long enough. But, we warn him, he must cultivate restraint. He may need the Administration's support in the approaching primary, since both "Boss" Vare and the sanctimonious Gifford Pinchot will oppose him for the nomination, and he won't get it at the rate and recklessness with which he is traveling now. The President, he must remember always, is a sensitive spirit. We recommend that he follow the example of many G. O. P. politicians who seek favors at the White House—paste the "mental hairshirt" letter in his political bonnet.

A. F. C.

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Helping "Fallen Girls"

By GRACE SOTHCOTE LEAKE

Last year's debutantes, and bored middle-aged women seeking a thrill, are still allowed to do social work in small American cities. Miss Leake, using fictitious names, describes some of those she has met

MIDDLEBOROUGH, a progressive town with fifty thousand population—chamber of commerce, five men's luncheon clubs, and thirty-five miles of paved streets—needed exactly ten thousand dollars to round out its community chest quota.

At the final gathering of citizens, Fred Newell, chairman of the subscription drive, asked if Middleborough was going to "fall down." Jerome Kane, a twine manufacturer of social position produced fountain pen and check book, and signed away the full amount without a blink.

"Such generosity!" people whispered all about him.

Two days later he spoke to Newell about his sister, Mrs. Reynolds.

"She's a widow, thirty-five," he said. "Just mopes around most of the time, taking no interest in our clubs or parties. I think a job might be good for her. The only thing she seems interested in is social work—with unfortunate girls." He flushed guiltily, then hastened to add: "Don't misunderstand me, please. She's a very fine woman. She not only donates every year to rescue homes, but *personally* sees to it that all the surplus delicacies from our banquets and parties are sent to these poor women. Yes sir, she's the unselfish sort. She should fit right into social work." Ten thousand dollars was a lot of money for Middleborough—and Mrs. Reynolds got the job.

A few months after her appointment, I was in the office of the local charity organization. The woman in charge, a friend of mine and one of the very few trained workers I met was using the blue pencil freely on a long report.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about Mrs. Reynolds," she told me confidentially. "I have to strike out about half of every report she turns in. Instead of confining herself to the information needed to handle the girls' cases, she goes into unnecessary, even morbid, detail concerning the actual missteps; where they happen, when, how often. I have had a number of complaints about her. The girls resent her curiosity and refuse to give the co-operation so imperative in this work."

A few weeks later, my friend recommended her for another branch of the work where she would not come in contact with this particular social problem. Mrs. Reynolds protested bitterly against the proposed change. Jerome Kane, flushed and angry, strode into the office. He was not going to let a gift of ten thousand dollars be so quickly forgotten. Mrs. Reynolds kept the job.

IT WAS in Barton that I met Ellen Schuyler. In her debutante days she had been active in the Junior League, chairman of the Tree of Light committee, and photographed often as she presented "charity" checks to the aged Mr. and Mrs. Grubbs or the local orphanage. In the lull of her post-deb days, she became secretary to her father, a prominent gynecologist. When he retired ten years later, she said: "I just must go on doing things for others."

"Social work seemed the logical place for me," she told me one day, looking back proudly on her accomplishments. "Since my experiences with the Junior League, I've had a feeling I should give my life to service. Then too, I seem to understand the unfortunate and the unhappy. Why, do you know, I've even been into many of their homes?"

She took a six months' course in sociology at a local college and became case worker with unmarried mothers. She always referred to them as "my fallen girls." It was about Miss Schuyler that several of the girls in a maternity home spoke to me.

Dorothy, a sad-eyed child whose family had said: "When this is over, you may come home but don't bring that brat," clutched my hand and whispered: "I don't like Miss Schuyler, and I hope I never have to talk to her again. She seemed so nice at first and got me to tell her all about me and Hugh. Then—when I had finished, she sat up, stiff like a poker, her lips pinched together and said: 'Thank God, *I'm* a virgin!'"

Aileen, who vowed she had but one black mark on her slate said: "She makes me feel so sinful. I guess it started that first day when I asked her if they'd take me into the Home. She wanted to know who the father of my baby was. I told her, but explained that he had since been married to a Deason girl. She thought I was trying to be flippant and said a *decent* girl. For a minute she looked sorter half angry and half righteous, then she blurted out: '*You* couldn't be decent if you tried.'"

Una, sixteen, who had to bathe her baby with one hand because paralysis had twisted the other, spoke to me with tears in her eyes: "I'm sure now Miss Schuyler thinks we are all—*bad girls*. You should have heard what she said to Ora yesterday, and Ora one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. She was holding her baby in the nursery when Miss Schuyler came through and saw some rouge on Ora's face. 'There you are,' she said, 'with your face painted like a show-girl and your little disgrace on your lap.'"

Perhaps there are in your town some last year's debutantes who want a few charity activities tacked to their names in the Sunday columns, or who cherish sentimental ideals about service to mankind. Perhaps there are also society matrons with repressions, and dominating club-woman types who get a vicarious thrill from the misfortunes of others. If so—watch them, for like Ellen Schuyler and Mrs. Reynolds they will be seeking places in your social and welfare organizations. In our large cities, untrained social workers have nearly disappeared. But in our towns and small cities, debutantes and society women are still allowed to dabble boldly in the affairs of the community's unfortunates, making decisions for them that may influence a lifetime.

A POSITION which recently placed me in contact with a number of rescue homes for unmarried mothers and their babies in southern towns gave me insight into conditions which are causing social-minded people much concern. I have it on good authority that there are more incompetent women workers dealing with this problem of society than any other.

Mrs. Patten was another worker I met. Regardless of the erratic wanderings of fashion, she stuck ten-

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aciously to shirt waists and skirts, high collars, four-in-hand ties, and a watch affixed to the bosom by a gold fleur-de-lis. She belonged to every club in Waverly, took the stump in all political campaigns and knew something about everybody's business. When "little Mr. Patten's" business was wiped out, she decided to find a job and became case worker with delinquent girls. Dealing with the sick or unfortunate gave her a feeling of satisfaction because she could dominate them.

"I know I'll fit right into the work," she announced at a club meeting. "Needy and helpless people are my specialty. I have a way of making them do *just* what I want."

One day a tear-stained, almost illegible letter reached the office of the organization:

> Don't let Mrs. Patten come to my house agin. I hate her. For three days I cry and cry. For shame on her to call my little girl who makes one mistake a woman of the streets.

The head of the organization finally learned the facts. Mrs. Patten had urged the mother to take her daughter and the baby into her home after their release from the rescue institution. When the mother had protested, saying she couldn't endure the disgrace, Mrs. Patten replied brusquely: "Disgraced? Don't let that stand in your way. Your daughter will be having another baby in two years or I miss my guess."

Of Mrs. Patten another one of the girls said, "She's a murderer. She killed my little baby!"

Ruby was like a mad woman for days. They buried her Jimmy without letting her see him. With the readiness of the untrained worker to tread in where the more competent would fear to go, Mrs. Patten had handled this girl's case. When her time was up at the maternity home, Ruby asked to place her baby in a charity nursery until she could find a position and pay for the care of him herself. Mrs. Patten ordered the baby weaned and given a certain formula. When he was removed to the nursery, the doctor examined him and declared the formula wrong. Mrs. Patten, angered by this thrust at her authority, insisted she had reared six children and knew as much about feedings as he did. The doctor walked out, and Jimmy was kept on the formula. He became ill; one thing led to another, and within three weeks he died.

"Little Jimmy's death was unnecessary," the doctor said later. "But what could I do? These workers think they know more than we who have spent years in study."

I shall not forget Miss Johnson, another debutante of the previous season who handled Lula's case. Lula was the best behaved girl the Home had had for months, according to the superintendent. A good worker. Willing. By a strange coincidence, the man this girl named as the father of her baby worked in the office with Miss Johnson's brother in a neighboring town. The most effective sort of a grapevine was set up, with Miss Johnson at the sending end, and the brother and father receiving.

When Lula learned that her confidence had been betrayed, by the social worker, she refused to talk to any one. She developed a hatred for those in authority and the superintendent reported that she had become the most stubborn and difficult girl in the home.

"Social workers are busy-bodies, prying into other people's affairs," she said to me sulkily.

After the baby was born, Miss Johnson took every opportunity to scrutinize it.

"I'd like to scratch her eyes out," Lula said. "She's a snake in the grass. Just a-lookin' at my baby to see if there's any favor, so she can write her brother and he can tell Jed. Why don't she put in her time trying to help these girls get jobs? There's Edith dying to find housework where she can keep her little Marjorie Katherine."

PERHAPS some of the most shocking examples of incompetence appear in the follow-up methods of these workers. When a girl is discharged from a home, the worker is supposed to keep up with her for a certain period of time, assist her in getting a position if she is unable to secure one alone, and help her in general to make an adjustment to her new situation.

This phase of the work is most delicate and should be handled with intelligence and discretion. Miss Winter, another amateur, followed Arlene's case in a manner typical of the incompetence I speak of. Arlene, a repeater or second offender, was not famous for telling the truth, but we learned the facts did not differ much from her story. Her interpretation might have been a bit far-fetched, but here is what she had to say:

"If Miss Winter had let me apply for work by myself, this might not have happened to me again. But she always insisted on going with me when I applied for a job. Everybody knows she's a society lady who has gone into charity work and that marked me right off. Before I'd been in an office a day, the boys were sniggering and giggling and asking to take me out. I went from job to job with Miss Winter always tagging along. I got tired, I reckon, meeting this everywhere. When Phil came into my life and said he wanted to marry me—well, I was so sick of living, I didn't care. I just gave in—and here I am—like *this* again."

MABEL WOULD NOT have found "coming back" so difficult if the social workers had handled the follow-up on her case correctly.

"Nobody would know I had been a bad girl if Mrs. Roberts had let me alone," she said sadly.

Mabel's baby had been adopted by a childless family and she had gone back to her home in the country to start life over again. But starting over with three elder sisters to remind her of the past was not easy. She was asked to sit in the attic when company came.

Finally she returned to the city and found work. Out of gratitude for what the organization had done for her, she telephoned to tell her case-worker, Mrs. Roberts, of her good fortune in locating a job with a laundry. She was promptly slated for a regular call at her place of business. Women engaged in social work in towns and small cities are as well known as the mayors. Their continued calls on a girl is the cause, not for speculation, but for conclusion. After several visits from Mrs. Roberts, Mabel noticed that the girls in the laundry snubbed her. Finally her boss told her they were cutting down the help and could not use her longer. She knew he lied. She lost another position in the same manner before she went to the headquarters of the organization in tears to beg them to let her alone.

"Don't come here askin' for no money to help Edna. You social workers do more harm than good!"

These words came from Barney, an indignant young mechanic who had accompanied Edna to Hamilton to be near the maternity home.

"I love that girl," he continued, "and intend to marry her soon's I get a divorce. I told you I was willing to pay

(Please Turn to Page 396)

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A Taste of Freedom

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

The author's first prison sentence was suddenly terminated by a pardon, as a consequence of his father's efforts. He returned to his home and worked at a number of jobs; but gradually, almost imperceptibly he was drifting back toward the way of life that was to make him familiar with many penal institutions

THE TRAIN REACHED Philadelphia at dusk. As I got off I felt myself trembling, so I walked down Market Street several blocks to calm myself, and took a street car at Ninth Street instead of one nearer the station. Nearly every sight I saw seemed familiar, but more as though I had seen it in a dream than in reality, or as though I dreamt now of things experienced before. The car turned out Columbia Avenue. Everything continued to be remotely familiar. "Twenty-fourth," the conductor called. I got up, went to the door and stepped to the street. I walked a block to Montgomery Avenue, and saw children I knew in the block ahead. "I'd better go in the back way," I decided, thinking of my clothes. I went up the alley, found the gate open, and went in.

My mother was in the kitchen. When she saw me she rushed and put her arms around me and began crying. My brothers and sisters ran in from the dining room and the parlor and began crying too. I couldn't realize why they were crying. "Don't cry," I said; "I'm all right. Where's Pa?"

My father came in, a little drunk. I went to him and we put our arms around each other. I wanted to thank him but couldn't think of anything to say. I told him that.

"I said I'd do it and I did," said my father. "But we had to fight every inch of the way to do it. That bloody Superintendent wrote to the Board of Pardons against you. I'll bet he's an A. P. A., a black Protestant, like the English landlords that had a price put on my head in Ireland."

"He's a Protestant," I said.

"Didn't I bloody well know it?" he asked, looking around the table. "What did you do that made him say what he did?"

"I talked a little once in a while and got caught with books and papers that weren't permitted, and when I got caught refused to squeal on the fellows who had given them to me. I wrote in my letter how they tried to make me squeal, by handcuffing me to a ring in the wall in a dark cell and putting me on bread and water."

"And you refused the bread and water in defiance of them and wouldn't squeal, didn't you?" my father asked, leaning forward.

"Yes," I said.

"By God, I'll drink to you on that," he said. "It reminds me of old times in Ireland. Bring me that bottle out of that coat hanging there."

One of my sisters brought him the bottle and he poured some whisky from it into a cup, raised the cup. "Here's to you, boy, you're your father's son"—and he drained the cup. Then he sang an Irish ballad about Allan, Larkin and O'Brien—"The Boys Who Broke the Van"—and another about brave Patrick O'Donnell who avenged Allan, Larkin and O'Brien by killing Carey the informer, who betrayed them. He poured another drink into his cup and drank. My mother asked him to let her take the bottle.

"You've had enough and you have to go to work in the morning."

"Have you ever known me to miss being on the job? Have I missed once—in the seventeen years I was buried in the backwoods of Pennsylvania—or in the nine years I've been in the post-office—have I missed once?"

"No, Pa, you haven't missed once—you've been fine. But you've had enough now and you're tired. Let me put the bottle away for you."

"Once more and you can have it. I deserve one more for winning out over that bloody Black Protestant. Then you can take it because you're the finest woman God ever made."

He poured again from the bottle and drank, then stood up, leaning on the table to steady himself. "Excuse me," he said, "for leaving your company so soon on your first night home. Don't mind if I'm a little drunk. I had to celebrate. I'm happy for the first time in seven months. I'm not going to censure you either. You've had enough of that. I only want to give you one bit of advice for the future—the same advice my father gave me and his father before him gave him: 'When you're buying a thing get it as cheap as you can, and when you're selling anything get as much as you can for it, but never touch anything that doesn't belong to you.' Now I'll go to bed, so I'll be there on the dot in the morning."

I followed him to the foot of the stairs, and then watched as he went up. "Goodnight," he said at the top. "Goodnight Pa," I said. "Thanks."

I went out and walked, looking at the sky and at the places and people I passed. I stopped and bought a package of cigarettes and smoked several of them. Once some girls passed. I turned around, followed them at a distance and watched them. Then I quickened my step so I could see their faces.

When my father came home from work the next afternoon he took me around to a tailor to be measured for a suit of clothes, and then to a store where he bought me one ready-made for me to wear immediately. Also he bought me shoes, a hat and other items. On the way home he bought me a cigar. He told me not to hurry about getting work—to wait until I felt like looking for it. I realized he was being very kind to me, but so faintly that I wasn't moved to respond.

During the next few days my younger brother tried to interest me in the World's Series which was to be played between the Athletics and whatever team had won the National League pennant—the New York Giants, I believe. For hours he poured into my ears talk of how the two teams had performed throughout the season, and of what possibilities there were for the coming series. But I remained blank of interest and desire toward everything, and continued so for days, although it was impossible to stay inactive for many minutes, particularly indoors, unless I had become extremely tired. Even the walls around me on the many streets I walked aimlessly along, oppressed me; and I began regularly to go out to Fairmount Park

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where I would wander around.

When many days had passed in this way I began to say to myself; "What's the matter with me? Why don't I want to do something besides this moping? How can I make myself take hold of something?"

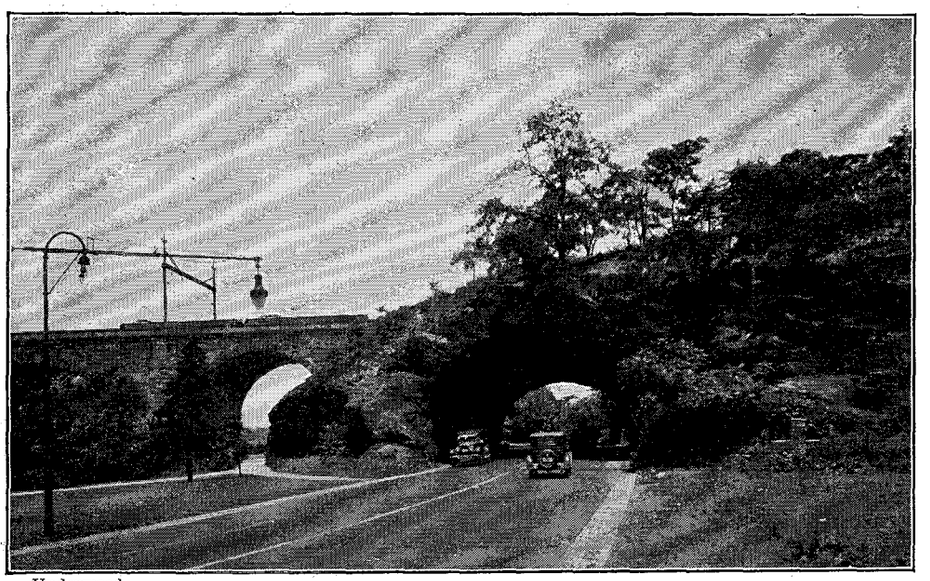
One night as this last question repeated itself in my mind while I walked along, I stopped abruptly and asked myself: "Did that place get me for good?—Did it?—Did it? I'll be damned if it did. I won't let it. It damned near did, though. If I'd stayed there much longer it would have. Pa saved me. He saved me, and here I've been moping for weeks instead of showing appreciation for what he did by going to work. I'll look for a job tomorrow, the first thing in the morning.

Early in the morning I got the *Inquirer* and looked through the help wanted ads. I answered several by letter and some others in person. The question about previous experience I covered by saying I didn't have any, that I had finished school the previous June and had spent the Summer in the country because I hadn't been well. Every one seemed to prefer somebody with previous experience and day followed day without result. After two weeks a reply came to one of my letters, asking me to come for an interview. My father went with me, thinking I might be too discouraged to speak up well enough. The place was a branch sales office of a large electrical company. The manager said he wanted a young man who could do stenography and typing. My father said I had learned both at high school and that I'd be sure to make good if I were given a trial. The manager said he would try me, and that I should report the next day. I had no practice at shorthand since leaving high school. I spent the rest of the day at home practicing it, but had time only to renew my familiarity with the elementary signs, and not with word-signs and signs representing common phrases. I hoped most of the letters would be short, so I could type them from memory with the help of a few signs.

For several days I managed to do everything satisfactorily, because the letters were simple and short and easy to remember. But I got mixed up on the first long letter and when the boss returned to the office I had to ask him to repeat the greater part of it. Before I could complete it I had to go to him several times more. The same thing happened frequently on succeeding days. At the end of two weeks he said my work wasn't satisfactory and that he couldn't wait for me to get enough practice in shorthand to make it so. On hearing this my father showed disappointment and said I ought to put in more time practicing shorthand, so I'd be proficient if I should get another job at it. Each evening after supper I practiced for an hour.

My hair grew out sufficiently for me to appear at the church hall. Every one greeted me cordially, although a few asked me who my last barber had been, which made me shrink a little. I was told I had returned just in time to represent the club again in the archdiocesan pool tournament. In a short time I regained my playing skill. Winning tournament games renewed my popularity and gave me increased self-confidence.

One evening at the club a member said that he had been hired to solicit subscriptions for a magazine for Catholics and averaged about two dollars a day in commissions. He said that he'd introduce me to the crew manager. I went with him the next morning and was hired. The crew manager took me with him. We came to the street where we were to start and rang several doorbells until we located a woman who said she was a Catholic. The manager said the rector of the parish had sent us—which wasn't so—to tell about the work of the Paulist Fathers, and asked if we could step in. She said we could and we entered and sat down, after telling our names and learning hers.



Underwood

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

"Mrs. Cassidy," the manager began, "you've probably heard of the Paulist Fathers. Well, originally they were an order of friars attached to the church of England, and were supposed to spend most of their time attacking the Roman Catholic Church. A number of them suddenly, like St. Paul, discovered that the church they were seeking to destroy was the only true religion, and in a short time they applied to the Pope for admission to the Catholic Church and were accepted in a body. Now they have become an order of Catholic priests and devote themselves to accomplishing the conversion of those who formerly were fellow-Protestants. They hope to complete the work of ending the heresies and falsehoods implanted in the minds of men by the Reformation, which you'll admit, Mrs. Cassidy, is the greatest work which can be done for God in this day and age. In conjunction with this work they have founded a seminary in which they prepare for the priesthood young men whose parents are too poor to pay the tuition usually necessary, and so are making it possible for young men to become priests who otherwise would be denied the opportunity.

"Now, Mrs. Cassidy, these holy men, to support their seminary and their great missionary work have no source

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of income except what they get by publishing this wonderful magazine"—he took it from his pocket and put it in Mrs. Cassidy's hands—"in which they print their brilliant arguments against Protestant doctrine. To the good Catholics who help their work by subscribing to this magazine they are giving this beautiful medal of our Blessed Mother, the wearing of which, Mrs. Cassidy, will give you 500 days' indulgence every day. Besides, Mrs. Cassidy, each year the Fathers, to reward you for helping them, will offer up one thousand Masses for the repose of the souls of any member of your family who is dead and whose soul may be in Purgatory."

This might have continued indefinitely if I hadn't begun to question the truth of the belief in Heaven, Purgatory and Hell, which helped more than anything else to get subscriptions. Most of those who subscribed did so for the sake of getting Masses said for the benefit of the souls of the dead in their families whom they believed might be in Purgatory, so I came to stress more and more the painfulness of Purgatory and how the souls there, like prisoners with a long indefinite term in prison, couldn't avoid wishing that some one friendly would realize their plight and their inability to help themselves, and do something to release them from torment.

One day I described the tortures of Purgatory so vividly to an old Irishwoman that she began weeping. Her son had just died. He was a good boy but like all young people had been foolish and a little wild. He had died in an accident, too suddenly to make a last confession. In judging him wouldn't God remember how young he had been and how he didn't get a chance to confess his sins before he died?

I said that he probably didn't even go to Purgatory. Hadn't Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?" Didn't that show how God felt about young people? Probably God wanted to take her son to Heaven while he still was blameless of any grievous sin. Before he died he had probably asked for forgiveness for the slight sins he had committed, and surely God had forgiven them. When he was hanging on the cross Christ had asked for forgiveness of those who were killing him. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," he had said. If those who had killed Christ had merited forgiveness, her boy would surely receive it.

When I reported at the office I told the crew manager I was quitting, but didn't explain why, thinking it would be useless to tell him. He said that I'd been doing fine and ought to continue. I said only that I preferred to get another job.

Christmas Eve arrived. Immediately after supper I went downtown, looking for Frank, the Cuban I'd met at the reformatory. I went around to various restaurants which I had noticed were hangouts of Tenderloin habitues. In a place at the corner of Eighth and Vine Streets I saw him. He was sitting with two other fellows who had been at the reformatory and whose clothes, like Frank's, meant they also had just come out. A fourth fellow sat with them. At first I didn't recognize him but later I remembered that he had been at the reformatory and had gone out soon after my arrival. I went in and up to their table. "Give me your names and numbers, I'm going to report you for talking and loafing," was my greeting. They looked up.

"Look who's here! The luckiest —— in the world! Where did you come from? Maybe those —— weren't sore when you got that pardon. How in hell did you do it?"

I shook hands around with them, pulled a chair from the next table, and sat close to Frank. One of the others asked the waiter for another glass and when it was brought he took a quart of whisky from his pocket and poured a drink which he handed to me. Then he poured drinks for the others and we all drank. The fellow who had left the reformatory soon after I arrived—"Jim" was his name—said that he "stood in" with the madam of a house in the Tenderloin and would take us all around to her place. Did we want to go around? "Sure," the fellow with the bottle said, "soon as we finish this."

I looked to Frank, hoping to get his eye. When he looked I nodded towards him—meaning did he feel like going. He shrugged his shoulders. I decided to try to get him away from the rest. How could I get him away? I mustn't let the other fellows have a chance to appeal to his feeling of loyalty toward them. "Say, guys," I said, "I didn't count on running into a party like this and didn't bring any jack with me. I can get some in half an hour. I know none of you has got much. I'll go and get some and meet you here or at the house if you don't want to wait here. What's the address of the house?" Jim told me the address. "All right, I'll be there in half an hour. Say, Frank, why don't you come along with me? I got something to talk over with you." "All right," Frank said, and got up.

"Did you want to go along with them?" I asked Frank. "Not a hell of a lot. I don't care a hell of a lot about doing anything. My mind seems blank."

"That's the way I felt," I said.

It began snowing. Frank wanted to walk in it. I noticed him shivering and made him wear my overcoat because I was huskier and more used to being outdoors. Frank said if he caught pneumonia he'd get free board and lodging in a hospital. We passed a Salvation Army mission and heard the congregation singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." I noticed Frank shivering again. "You're still shivering. Hadn't we better go into a restaurant and have a cup of coffee?" I asked. "No. I'm warm enough. Hearing that song made me shiver. It reminded me of the services in the chapel."

We came to Market Street and passed a Childs restaurant, noticing a slim young waitress dressed in white chatting with a smirking elderly male patron who sat at a table near the window. A little farther on Frank suggested that we go back and get a cup of coffee. "And another look at that waitress," I added, kidding. "Remember I'm a Latin," Frank said.

We went in and to a table we thought would be waited on by the girl we had seen. She came for our order, but ignored our flattering eyes and upturned smiles and instead gave a pleased look to the more prosperous looking old fellow at the next table. After she had brought our coffee Frank said: "She reminds me of one of the sixteen girls who testified against me at my trial."

"Sixteen? Were you charged with having a harem?"

"No, I didn't have enough money for that," Frank said. "I was charged with giving each of them a pair of imported shoes. It was funny—all except the three years I've done in the reformatory. I was working for a shoe manufacturer and importer. The girls worked on the domestic shoes. I had

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Paul Parker Photo

"We passed a Salvation Army mission"

charge of the imported stock, besides taking care of the foreign correspondence. One day the girl this waitress reminds me of came to my desk in the imported room at quitting time and asked if I could lend her an umbrella because it was raining. I didn't have one, but I didn't want to miss the chance to start a flirtation with her, which I had wanted to do for some time. So I asked her to wait and I'd go out and buy one for her. She protested that I mustn't and said she wouldn't use it if I did; she'd rather wait until the rain stopped. She explained she didn't want to go out in the rain because she caught cold easily and couldn't afford to lay off work. I saw her shoes were badly worn and took a pair from the imported stock and told her to put them on instead of the ones she had.

"About two weeks later one of the bosses noticed some of the girls wearing imported shoes at work. He asked them where they had got them and they said from me. They also said I had given a pair to each of the other girls. He looked at the books and saw I had charged them as damaged. Then he had me arrested. I had no lawyer and pleaded guilty and the boss had each of the girls testify that I had given her a pair of shoes and then tried to make a date with her. The judge denounced me as viciously immoral but because of my youth would give me a chance to curb my base desires and disrespect for womanhood by sending me to the reformatory. I wrote to the Cuban consul about my case and asked him to do something. He wrote to my father in Havana and my father wrote me that he disowned me for having disgraced our great family name. I didn't write him afterward and he didn't write me. You know the rest."

I asked Frank to come home with me. He said he didn't want to get me in wrong at home. I told him the only one who might kick was my father, but I'd explain things so that it would be all right.

I woke early next morning and heard no one stirring. I hoped that Frank hadn't left yet and went quietly downstairs to get him some breakfast before the others were awake. I found him gone, and saw my overcoat lying on a chair. I noticed a slip of paper lying on the overcoat. It was a note from Frank: "I won't be back. Having me on your hands might get you into trouble and spoil what chance you have to come through. You'll have enough to do looking out for yourself. I have no hopes now and won't be disappointed if the worst happens right away, but postponing it quite surely would give me impossible hopes and make it hurt more when it happens later on. So long. Always your friend."

Early in January I got a job as stenographer and ledger clerk in a brewery office. By practicing shorthand I had become proficient enough to do the work required of me, which was very little. My salary was fifteen dollars a week. When I got the job I decided to say at home that I was getting only ten dollars. I thought Frank might turn up and I wanted to be able to give him at least five dollars a week if he needed it.

Weeks passed with no word from Frank and I saw nothing in the papers about him. Meanwhile I had a good time both at work and afterward. At the brewery there was a bar at which employees could drink without paying. Every afternoon the salesmen came in, and after turning in their orders they went to the bar. Usually my work was done at that time and I joined them. One of the products of the brewery was malt extract, which was advertised as a tonic. It became my customary drink. It had a substantial alcoholic content and gave me an exhilarating as well as a tonic effect.

Each evening I played pool, went to a dance or took a girl to a show or out to Fairmount Park. Reading stories of crimes and arrests in the newspapers reminded me often of Frank, but I had given up hope of seeing him again, except accidentally. Frequently, too, I read of young fellows having been sentenced to the reformatory and the memory of what had happened to me prompted me to renew my resolve to do something some day to change things there. Yet I did nothing but drift on, repeating the weekly round of drinking, playing pool, dancing, going to shows, spooning.

In April, I lost my job. At three in the afternoon one of the salesmen had come in and asked me to join him at the bar. I had one letter to finish but felt that there was plenty of time for doing it, so I went with him. I failed to notice the passage of time and continued arguing and drinking. The office manager came in and said that the secretary-treasurer wanted to see me. I appeared before him drunk. He asked about the letter I hadn't written. I said I'd write it right away, but he said I was in no condition to do it and that he had decided to fire me.

After getting paid what was owed me I went to a poolroom to wait until I was sober enough to go home, and

(Please Turn to Page 398)

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The Phantom on the Corner

By T. R. YBARRA

THERE WAS a popular play in Spain and South America some years ago in which one of the characters was a man supposed to be standing on a street corner.

He never appeared on the stage. He was never accurately described. All that the spectators ever learned about him was on hearsay—from the actors and actresses in the play.

Yet the entire action revolved around that man on the corner. Everybody in the cast kept talking about him. One character would make a sudden entrance, chattering volubly concerning him. Another would make a sudden exit, vowing to "beat up" that man on the corner. Again, the entire cast would walk over in a body to a window at the back of the stage to take a look at the man on the corner. Though he remained unseen until the final curtain, he was the hero of the play, the mainspring of its action, the crux of its plot, the reason for practically everything said and done on the stage. Not an actor or actress who strutted and fretted, visible and audible to the audience, could hold a candle in importance to the invisible, inaudible "phantom on the corner."

Well, there is a "phantom on the corner" at the London Naval Arms Conference.

It is the "Ersatz Preussen," Germany's famous "pocket battleship," the appearance of which some months ago caused a sensation among naval men throughout the world. When it came into the limelight, there were prophecies that it would change the entire course of naval diplomacy. It has. Though Germany is without a representative at the London Conference, she has again and again attracted attention to herself because of the "Ersatz Preussen." Though the London discussions have been ostensibly and officially about American, British, French, Italian and Japanese warships, the "pocket battleship" invented by Germany has always been lurking in the background, causing disquiet in American, British, Italian and Japanese breasts, and giving the French regular fits.

The delegates of the five powers conferring in London have pretended not to be thinking about the "Ersatz Preussen," they have tried to act as if it were wholly negligible, yet over and over again that uncanny Teutonic craft has dominated the stage to the exclusion of American, British, French, Italian and Japanese battleships, cruisers, submarines, ratios, replacements and parity claims. Nobody has been supposed to see this unwelcome German apparition, the country whence it sprang is supposed to be wholly unimportant in naval affairs, yet—there it is!—standing nonchalantly on the corner!—just out of sight of actors and audience, yet constantly in the minds of all.

Every once in a while the members of the cast in London's naval skit drop everything to dash uneasily to the window at the back of the stage and have a look through the curtains.

"Is it still there?" whispers England.

"It most certainly is!" quavers France.

Whereupon America frowns. And Italy curses. And Japan growls.

THE "ERSATZ PREUSSEN" has been under construction since 1928. By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles Germany can build a total of four warships of its type. What makes the type so formidable, so productive of nightmares to the French and uneasiness to other powers, is that it constitutes a huge joke on those who framed the Versailles Treaty.

It was provided therein that Germany must build no warships of more than 10,000 tons, or with anything bigger in armament than 11-inch guns, the idea being to keep her from constructing big, heavily-armed vessels for coast defense. Nobody imagined that anything heavier than an 8-inch gun could be mounted on a ship of a mere 10,000 tons. So, having thus—as they thought—made it impossible for the Germans to have cruisers superior to those of other nations, the Powers which had vanquished Germany in the World War proceeded to agree not to mount anything heavier than an 8-inch gun on their own cruisers.

But, to the amazement of everybody, the Germans have begun to build a cruiser—the "Ersatz Preussen"—which, though within the 10,000-ton limit allowed by the Versailles Treaty, embodies such novel features in her construction as to be able to carry a battery of 11-inch guns and develop a speed of 26 knots an hour. Thus she will be capable of outgunning any cruiser of her size in existence and of outrunning any capital ship, since the speediest of all the latter—the British "Queen Elizabeth"—can make at the utmost only 25 knots an hour. Of course, the "Ersatz Preussen's" maximum speed is far below that of cruisers of other nations which can develop 30 to 35 knots; but, should there be a fight between such cruisers and one of the "Ersatz Preussen" type, the latter could pour fire into her opponents while she was still out of range of their 8-inch guns, and, on account of her heavy armor, stand a serious pounding before being reduced to striking her flag. In addition, the "Ersatz Preussen" has oil engines giving her a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, which far surpasses anything hitherto known. One of the leading naval experts in England said, regarding this newest naval bogey: "The German cruisers are the most remarkable fighting ships designed within the past twenty years. . . . No navy, however powerful or numerous, which was regulated by the Washington Treaty, would be able to cope with an 'Ersatz Preussen' if the latter were sent out to roam the seas at large and prey upon shipping."

There is so much opposition in Germany—from Germans "fed up" with everything reminding them of war—to the construction of the four "Ersatz Preussens" allowed by the Treaty of Versailles, that it seems doubtful that they will ever be launched. But one thing is certain: the very possibility of their appearance on the high seas has been sufficient to make the naval powers of the world hesitate as to just what kind of warships they ought to construct. And it has served to make the delegates to the Naval Arms Conference put on an up-to-date counterpart of that amusing little play, *The Phantom on the Corner*—produced years ago for the delectation of Spanish and South American audiences—to the no small delectation of those who have been watching the proceedings at London, including, most especially, the Germans in the audience.

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The Robots Are Coming

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

ON THE DAY these lines were written there were two stories in the newspapers which at first sight seemed to have little in common, but which after a moment's reflection were seen to reveal different phases of the same economic development. One of these stories described the establishment by a large industrial corporation of a new department which is to devote its attention to ways and means for developing the all-automatic home, so that housekeeping will be reduced eventually to the pushing of a series of electric buttons and leaving the rest to machinery. Such a revolution is not expected to take place overnight, or next year, or within the next five years. The corporation which is planning the automatic home has its eye on the distant future, but, as every one knows, an important beginning has already been made toward the mechanization of house work, and there is every reason to believe that this process will be carried much farther.

The other story was merely a brief announcement that the American Federation of Musicians was planning a nation-wide drive against the use of mechanically-reproduced music in theatres. That gives us a view from another angle of this process of substituting mechanisms for human performers. The various sorts of automatons which are being perfected in these days may eliminate a lot of drudgery and bring new goods and services within the reach of those who have not been able heretofore to afford them, but in doing these things they are also eliminating many jobs upon which men are dependent for their living.

It is pleasant to contemplate the future housewife freed from the never-ending chores by the mechanical maid-of-all-work. But this is only a small sample of the transformation which is now under way in almost every field of industrial activity. Since 1919 the amount of primary horsepower employed in American industry has been increasing twice as rapidly as the population. This reflects the steady substitution of mechanical power for manpower and the consequent increase in the average output per worker. One method of gauging the productivity of labor is to compare the index numbers of production with those of factory employment. The Federal Reserve Board index of employment in certain selected industries (with the average for the years 1923-25 taken as 100) stood in 1919 at 107; in 1928, the last year for which complete data are yet available, it stood at 97. The index of production in 1919 stood at 83; in 1928 it stood at 110. In other words, with 10 per cent fewer workers in factories in 1928 than in 1919 there was an increase of 32 per cent in the volume of industrial output. There is no pretense in such a comparison to anything like mathematical accuracy, but it affords a rough approximation of what has been taking place in the last decade, and from it we may conclude that the productivity of the average worker has increased by one-half, or that two men can now do the work which ten years ago required the full time of three.

That is the average for all industry. For some lines of manufacturing which are peculiarly adapted to quantity output the change has been far greater. As a striking example we may consider an American plant in the Middle West which manufactures automobile frames. With the labor of only 200 men it now turns out from 7,000 to 9,000 frames a day. A European plant with approximately the same number of employees has a daily output of thirty-five frames. If the American workers produced no more than these Europeans it would require 40,000 of them, instead of 200, to produce 7,000 frames in a day.

WITH THE AVERAGE factory worker now producing so much more than he did a decade ago, it is also to be noted that there are some 10 per cent fewer workers in the reporting establishments. The robot has been displacing brain and brawn. The musicians, as we have seen, are launching a protest against the musical robot in the theatres, and their case is not isolated. The mechanization of industry in the United States has created a condition known as technological unemployment. It is not altogether a new phenomenon. It is the same sort of development which came in the eighteenth century after the Hargreaves spinning-jenny began to produce as much yarn as twenty or thirty people could turn out in the same time with their spinning-wheels.

Yet, while the problem created by these new industrial methods has been with us in some form for over 150 years, it has assumed a new and in many ways a more serious character. In the first place, the mechanical transformations now come with amazing swiftness and require speedier and more drastic readjustments on the part of the workers. Again, they now come when industrial specialization is highly developed, and workers who are displaced find it more difficult to obtain employment in other lines. Finally, the coming of the robot often means that skilled labor is to be replaced with labor that is unskilled or only partly skilled. The skill that was once in the worker's hand and eye is now implanted in a piece of automatic machinery, and the worker may consequently be forced to accept lower wages or to remain idle indefinitely.

NO ONE KNOWS with any degree of certainty the extent to which these changes have actually affected American labor. A decline in the index number of factory employment does not necessarily mean a corresponding gain in unemployment. Many of the displaced workers may shift to other industries which are not included in the tabulations of labor statistics. Employment data for the country as a whole are woefully inadequate. Officials of the American Federation of Labor estimate that these changes have caused 3,000,000 workers to lose their old jobs, and they have planned a survey to ascertain in detail just what has happened. Organized labor in this country, however, is not resisting the introduction of improved machinery. Its leaders are aware that the well-being of labor is promoted by an abundance of useful goods, but they insist that labor shall have its due share of the benefits which come from the new processes. Labor, of course, profits in the long run from any change which promotes the welfare of society, but this consideration brings little comfort to the individual well along in years who suddenly finds himself confronted with the necessity of a readjustment to a new industrial situation. Employers are under a special obligation to do all that they can to minimize the pains of this readjustment.

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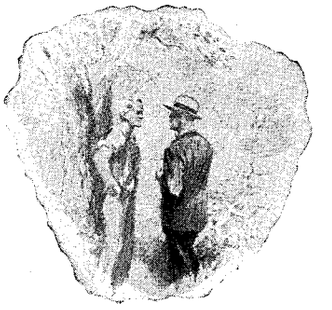
"He made his own test—now he puts *all* his surplus in sound, income-yielding securities"

FRANK P. DOYLE, President of the Exchange Bank of Santa Rosa, tells of a young rancher who found out for himself something about how—and how not—to invest.



"We worked along until these orchards showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good."

FRANK P. DOYLE, *President of the Exchange Bank of Santa Rosa, has taken a leading part in activities connected with the bridging of the Golden Gate. He is a Director of the Golden Gate Association and also of the Redwood Empire Association.*

WHEN this young rancher — let's call him Jack—came to Santa Rosa about ten years ago, he was just out of college.

"His father owned large apple orchards and a dehydrating plant, but they were in a decidedly run-down condition.

"I have always been interested in our ranches and our ranchers and this young fellow fell into the way of consulting me about ways and means to build up the family property.

"We worked along together until both the orchards and the plant showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good.

"Then one day about two years ago he came into the bank to talk about investing a few thousand dollars he had accumulated. He wanted to invest it in a highly speculative stock.

" 'Now Jack,' I said to him, 'We can't make a $10 bill out of a $5 bill. At least mighty few of us can.'

" 'Oh, but Mr. Doyle, this stock has already gone to almost twice what it was a year ago,' he protested.

" 'Well, the bubble is sure to burst eventually,' I told him.

"He listened to me and admitted most of my arguments—and yet he couldn't quite resist taking this chance of a quick profit. Finally, he decided to put part of his money in the speculative venture and part in the substantial investments I suggested. He wanted to try it out for himself.

"A few weeks ago he came in looking rather rueful, and told me the bubble *had* burst. His speculative stock is gone —but his sound investments he still has, with principal intact and interest coming in regularly. Now he puts *all* his surplus in sound, income-yielding securities."

Bankers who have the confidence of their communities, as has Mr. Doyle, will invariably be found the most ardent advocates of safety as the first and most important principle of investment.

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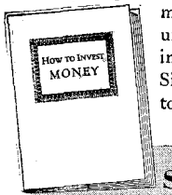

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

A Chant of Pioneers

THERE ARE many signs about us that American writers are becoming aware of the unstable point upon which the present, which they have examined so diligently, is balanced; and that they are turning back to America's past to find the explanation for that present, to find in yesterday's impulses the sources of tomorrow's culture, and to discover a means of interpreting ourselves to us. The material of historical fiction is being taken out of hands often flaccid or too horny and shaped in strength and significance by poets and seers. No more sensitive fingers have touched it, no more deep-seeing eyes have sought its secrets out than the eyes and fingers of Elizabeth Madox Roberts. *The Great Meadow* (Viking Press $2.50) is a story of the settling of Kentucky. Its chief character is Diony Hall, who leaves the pleasant, ordered ways of her Virginia home to follow her young husband into the wilderness where her life becomes a blurred trail of hardship, high resolve, terror and loneliness. In the land beyond the mountains, Daniel Boone is the law and the prophets. Guidance and succor are in him, and his spirit is the "strong part" of every man and woman against which neither beasts nor Indians, pain nor the body's need can prevail.

The careful vertification of details of setting and of plot are inobtrusive in *The Great Meadow*. The frame of study on which the story is built does not stick out through the firm flesh of narrative. Characters from the pages of history appear naturally and easily among the creations of the author's imagination. Speech which suggests the language of the Appalachian mountaineers of today becomes a satisfactory idiom for these people of a hundred and fifty years ago.

The Great Meadow is a piece of pure subjective writing. Its authoress identifies herself with the scene which she portrays and in turn with each of her characters (although one angle of narration is ostensibly preserved) so that all are merged and strained through one poetic consciousness. People and things, men's thoughts and the cries of savages at night have the same reality for Elizabeth Roberts.

Woodcut by Ils Bischoff from "Carl and Anna" by Leonhard Frank (Putnam)

The Great Meadow has a double virtue. It may be read as the finest type of historical novel, vividly dependant upon action, setting and character; powerful in sentiment; dramatic in quality; richly colored; and written in a style deep and sensuous as warm grass; then it may be read as a woman poet's revery upon the past of her people, a lovely sing-song chant upon the old theme of the pioneer woman's life. All the qualities of her earlier books are heightened in this novel by the flowing sweep of the magnificent story.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

APART FROM her genius and her marriage, the most abiding impression received from *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* by Louise Schutz Boas (Longmans $3.50) is that Elizabeth was a victim of suggestion. Although her physical frailty was as celebrated as her poetry there was no disease sufficiently serious to account for years of invalidism. The marvel is that she lived to maturity in that environment of early Victorian hygiene. Her father believed her to have been incurably injured by a fall from her pony when fifteen years old, and a few years later she took to her couch in a darkened, airless room from which she seldom emerged until the day Robert Browning married her. Her final surrender to the legend of invalidism did not occur until after the tragic death of her brother at Torquay which remained the one great sorrow of a peculiarly isolated and protected life. In spite of Victorian priggishness and the positively unwholesome conditions of her life, the spirit of Elizabeth Barrett must have been exquisitely poised to preserve the vigor and clarity of thought, the enthusiasm, and the normal emotional instincts which are shown both by her writing and by the perfect adjustment of her marriage. It must be remembered that she was past forty when she married Robert Browning, an almost obstreperously healthy young man-about-town, who loved society and was loved by it. In Florence, she led a normal, pleasant life, although never quite able to emulate her husband in his manifold contacts. Browning, on the other hand, was far too sane and joyous to allow his own life to be warped or cramped. Retaining his old enjoyment of society, he went everywhere and thus stimulated and refreshed, was all the better able to counteract in his wife the effects of her early morbid influences. In substance,

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Mrs. Boas' excellent biography is the progress of a luminous, gentle soul, literally from darkness into light—from a tomb-like chamber into a "world of men."

Miss Barrett's Elopement by Carola Oman (Holt $2.50) is a delicious and piquant contrast to Mrs. Boas' fine and thoughtful biography. After meat, the savory! Carola Oman's extraordinary talent for scholarly and lively recreations of past epochs in terms of fiction leaps from the mordant feudalism of Crouchback to Victorian poets—*and* prunes and prisms, taking in her stride the tricks of speech, the gadgets and the mental maggots of the period. The author has not missed one jot of the essential sublime absurdity in the elopment of Elizabeth Barrett spinster, (past forty) and Robert Browning, Gentleman. Swoons and Smelling-salts! What a tale! The synthetic style is a joy forever. Miss Barrett's young man converses in immortal idiom, now and then there are hints of mighty rhythms, noble leit-motifs. Among lesser characters, Flush, Miss Barrett's spaniel, is in key, greeting Mr. Browning with "Grrr, you swine!"

In this novel we have literary virtuosity, the ultimate refinement of the ridiculous and the glamor undimmed by familiarity of that amazing love story, the marriage of the Brownings.

Mr. Guedalla prefaces his latest book of essays, *The Missing Muse*, (Harper, $2.50) with a diatribe against essays that are really treaties in miniature.

He then produces a series of skits on a number of grave subjects. He writes with sobering flippancy on the vogue of the "intellectual;" the mythical "modern" man, produced by a war in which he never fought; the dullness of Irish parliaments and the naiveté of English lecturers in America.

Mr. Guedalla writes well. His epigrams have an unobtrusive perfection which makes them much superior to Wilde's. "The intellectual has an aptitude for spoiling sport." Of lecturers he says, "These wide-eyed travelers always behave as though the world outside the United States lived in tents and eked out a gypsy life by swapping strings of beads for cowries."

This author has many courageous dislikes. He dislikes Russian novels and is bold enough to say so in print. He does not think any of the poets of the yellow nineties will survive, though one suspects he will be outlived by at least one or two of them.

Yet for all his dislikes one cannot help liking Mr. Guedalla. He has an astringent sanity which is likely to correct the hysterical enthusiasms which are handed on (no one knows why) from one critic to another. He has a mordant seriousness which makes mountebanks fade away. He writes so well that he almost seems old fashioned—good prose having almost gone out of fashion.

Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

Why It Is The Law, by Gerald W. Johnson. The Century, Winter Number.
The author, a well known journalist, tells of a new experiment at Johns Hopkins University, where a group of "legal scientists" will analyze our laws in an effort to discover if and why they work and whether under present conditions they serve freedom and progress. The possibilities of this vast undertaking are unlimited.

400 Miles an Hour? By G. H. Dacy. Scientific American, March.
Every one who motors—and who doesn't?—realizes that cars are traveling faster on open roads. In view of the progress made in the air, what can we look forward to on land in the near future? Mr. Dacy quotes Sir Henry Seagrave, holder of the world's automobile speed record, as saying that 100 to 150 miles an hour will be a commonplace for cross country trips as soon as highways are developed.

Why Your Taxes Are High, by Edith Hamilton MacFadden. Forum, March.
Mrs. MacFadden believes that mounting taxes on real estate are caused by the mistaken policy of granting exemptions to churches, private educational institutions, and charities. Conditions under which such exemptions were first authorized have changed and grave abuses of the privilege have appeared. Withdrawal of huge tracts of land from the tax lists increases the burden of the people as a whole and will in time imperil state finances.

Henry Adams and The New Physics, by James Truslow Adams. Yale Review. Winter Number.
The subject of this article, long applauded for his "History of the United States," "The Education of Henry Adams," and "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartes," is hailed by the author as a pioneer in "scientific history." His was one of the most brilliant minds America has ever produced and his name-sake here shows how Henry Adams attempted to approach historical truth with the logic of physical mathematics.

Eastern Magic, by John Mulholland. Theatre Arts Monthly, March.
Describing the facts of his Oriental rivals, this magician notes that tricks of legerdermain are basically the same everywhere, but that the Japanese depend largely upon perfect manipulation, the Indians upon music to deaden and wear down the attention of the audience, and the Chinese upon acting to divert the attention.

February National Advertising Expenditures. Advertising and Selling, Feb. 19, 1930.
One of the facts shown in this compilation is that 3,309 advertisers in 89 national general magazines expended in February, 1930, $16,808,071 as against $15,568,027 in February, 1929.

The passion for the land which burned so fiercely in the Geaitors of *Joseph and His Brethren* smoulders in the breast of Everard Mulliver, the hero of H. W. Freeman's new novel, *Down in the Valley* (Holt $2.50). But in Mulliver it is a sentimentalized passion, and Freeman, perhaps to suit manner to subject, has softened his rich and vigorous style into a sweet fluency. *Down in the Valley* is by no means comparable to that noble English pastoral, but it is a clean competent and pleasing romance in the old tradition. Mulliver loves the country as a city-bred man with yeoman blood in his veins and the habits of the amateur might be expected to do. It is full of sensuous appeal for him, and of romantic. The dark loam, the lush growth, the heavy fruit excite him. The village and village life charm him. And of the two women who fall in love with him, one excites, and one charms him. *Down in the Valley* does not want for warm rural feeling, nice descriptive passages, fine full characterization and dialogue. But it wants the deeply moving solidity of the earlier novel. Its simple plot offers no great opportunity for the development of such conflicts or such characters as enriched and made memorable *Joseph and His Brethren.* It lacks spontaneity and it lacks heart.

William Gerhardi wrote the best book about Russia this reviewer ever read. The name of that slender little volume was *Futility.* In *Pending Heaven* (Harper $2.50) the author undertakes the de-bunking, as it were, of the Mohammedan Heaven, which after all seems to be the Paradise of all Sons of Adam. The Futility of Don Juanism is the theme upon which the author plays with all his accustomed spontaneity, delicious wit, a cosmopolitanism which is quite another thing from internationalism, and a sophistication which is more than wise-cracking.

Oswald Sitwell has written the tragedy of the successful man in *The Man Who Lost Himself* (Coward-McCann $2.50). The author presents the metamorphosis of the universal golden youth into the complacent middle-aged personage chairman of boards, patron of the Arts, philanthropist, etc. At two crises in Orlander's life Mr. Sitwell introduces the supernatural or metaphysical. This history of Tristram Orlander moves logically and consistently as well as artistically toward the affecting climax where Sir Tristram is confronted by the vision or materialization of "The lad that is gone," himself as a young man. Spain is the setting of most of the novel and the author takes full advantage of his opportunity for discerning comment on the life and art of a country still probably less understood than any of the important European civilizations. The rich background adds interest to a distinguished novel.

The level of writing in *Native Soil* by Allan Updegraf (John Day $2.50) is consistently high. The language is

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that of a distinctly literate author, but we feel that a good deal of skill has been somewhat prodigally expended upon an idea not too well formulated in the novelist's own mind. The hero of this tale, Gerald Enthoven, is literally catapulted into the first chapter by an aeroplane accident in which all his companions are burned alive, while he escapes uninjured. At the end of the book, Margery, a sort of sweetheart of his, is run down by a Paris taxi and is horribly and fatally injured. The last pages of the book are devoted to a minute and gruesome description of Margery's cremation at Pere la Chaise. There is much philosophical conjecture as to the destiny that shapes our ends, the sum of which seems to be that Mrs. Malaprop was right and "The ways of Providence are unscrupulous!" Mr. Updegraf has a sardonic and macabre quality that is especially reminiscent of Spoon River. On the whole the book shows a decided and very personal talent; he is fashionably and quite cheerfully pessimistic.

Behind the Blurbs

"ACCORDING TO THE FLESH," the biography of Mrs. Eddy by Fleta Campbell Springer, recently published as a serial in the Outlook, will not be brought out by Coward-McCann until fall, as new material previously unavailable to any of the Eddy biographers has come to light, and is to be incorporated in the book. ☙ ☙ ☙ As your Thought for the Week we offer the statement by a West African Bushman, Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lobagola, hereinafter to be known as L, that "Immorality is far more common among Americans than among the savages of Africa." Well, we should hope so! This gentleman's autobiography will be pub. soon by Knopf. ☙ ☙ ☙ Under the editorship of Allan Nevins, Dodd Mead will publish during the year a series of biographies of American Political Leaders, the first of which is on Rutherford B. Hayes, by H. J. Eckenrode. ☙ ☙ ☙ A good swift, breezy, amusing Western tale is *The Red Head from Sun Dog*[1], in which Silent Slade is to be hung for the murder of Scotty McKee. His friend, Sheriff Brick Davidson, doesn't think Slade did it, so he lets him out of jail. Then he rides south toward the border to try to find the murderer. He finds a job and gets all mixed up with who killed Dell Harper, and where are them diamonds, and fights with Mexican hijackers and American renegades, and a couple of not too obtrusive girls, and generally risks his skin in the interests of an excellent story. ☙ ☙ ☙ Liam O'Flaherty's new book, *The Return of the Brute*[2], is a war story. It concerns nine bombers—average men, turned into brutes by the conditions of warfare—who die one by one. A well written book, but, as some one said about another war book: "After all, the entire war was not fought in the latrines." ☙ ☙ ☙ Enoch Arden in theme is *Carl and Anna*[3] translated from the German of Leonhard Frank. Richard, Anna's husband, and Carl are prisoners of war. In the long days together Richard has told Carl all about Anna, until she becomes for Carl the one woman in the world. He is released first, goes home, and takes Anna. Later, Richard comes home. It is a simple, powerful story, well worth your attention. ☙ ☙ ☙ Every one who reads biography should read Hesketh Pearson's acute and witty *Ventilations*[4], a book on biographers. In it he explains what is necessary for good biography, explains why Wells, Shaw, Bennett and Chesterton could not write good biography, and discusses the methods of Strachey, Ludwig, Maurois and others. Of Wells he says: "It came to him that he alone could 'justify the ways of God to men.' Thereupon he wrote several works in which the present position of the Creator was made clear. His admirers were delighted to learn that the Deity, after a few false starts, was now definitely modelling himself on H. G. Wells. Not content with this exegetical feat, he turned to the history of mankind, in the hope that it would be possible to justify the ways of men to God. He found that nothing whatever could justify them. But to mark his own significance more clearly, he wrote a universal history, in which he classified great men according to their resemblance to himself. The result was a small list of unfamiliar names." ☙ ☙ ☙ "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," is the theme of the three stories in *Wishbone*[5], by a new writer, Stirling Bowen. These are stories of three beggars who tried to ride, and failed. The parts dealing with small town life are best; that is why the story of Will, who longed for new horizons but never even tried to reach them, is the best. This is a really fine story, written with economy, restraint and what we can only call an immediacy which makes you know the town and its characters as if you had lived there for years. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Censored*[6], the story of movie censorship, gives many amusing and inexplicable examples of cuts, and shows us the political appointees at their artistic tasks. But it would have been just as effective if the text had been entirely omitted and only the illustrations left. You need only look at the pictures of scenes that have been censored, and then at the pictures of the censors, to know the whole story. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *Michael Angelo*[7], Dmitri Merezhkowski gives a sympathetic sketch of the most important period in the life of that great and unhappy artist. This is a type of biography which, if done well, and with due regard for the facts, is of far more interest to the average person than the 800-page, cradle-to-grave work. An impression rather than an interpretation, it gives the broad outlines which can easily be filled in by supplementary reading if sufficient interest has been aroused. Two short stories of mediaeval Italy are included in the volume, both of which might have come straight out of Boccacio. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Morocco, Jerusalem, Siam* and *Tahiti*[8] are four new volumes now available in the uniform edition of Pierre Loti.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By W. C. Tuttle: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
2. Harcourt Brace, $2.00.
3. Putnam, $2.00.
4. Lippincott, $2.50.
5. Dutton, $2.50.
6. By Ernst and Lorentz: Cape & Smith, $2.75.
7. Dutton, $3.00.
8. Stokes, $2.50.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. Novel of London as seen by the young doctor through his curious patients.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katherine Brush: Farrar and Rinehart. A tale of the marriage of a New York newspaper play-boy, deft, humorous and touching. Reviewed January 8.

Passion Flower, by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran. With skill and sympathy Mrs. Norris extracts Cassie Pringle from an unhappy marriage and renews her faith in the success of that institution.

Ex-Mistress. Anonymous: Brentano's. The unknown quantity in the eternal triangle talks about men.

Non-Fiction

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. The season's laugh hit; droll and bright.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. With characteristic technique Ludwig shows us we have a man "absolutely original, comparable to none, immemorably unique." Reviewed February 19.

Escape, by Francesco Nitti: Putnam. The first story of the Italian "Devil's Island" established for the torture of political prisoners of the present government.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking chair traveler. Reviewed December 25.

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Business Becomes Articulate

As Shown by Recent Books

IN THE MIDST of the debate as to whether business needs a doctor or an undertaker, the old gentleman sits up in bed and speaks out in tones of amazing vigor. In all probability, more really significant business books have been published during the few months covered by the late unpleasantness in Wall Street than in any period of equal length since American business began.

One reason why business has so suddenly found its voice is the fact that a competent writer can, if properly encouraged, produce two books at a time. This is precisely the trick turned by Dr. Paul H. Nystrom, professor of marketing in the School of Business of Columbia University. Dr. Nystrom's two offerings, both bearing the Ronald Press imprint, are *Economics of Retailing,* ($10.00) and *Economic Principles of Consumption,* ($6.00). The first, in two substantial volumes, may be regarded either as a large book or a small library. The second contains nearly six hundred lively pages of what people want and why. Both reveal the careful thought and logical conclusions of an internationally recognized authority on all the angles and problems of modern distribution.

In *Economic Resources and Industries of the World* (Appleton $5.00), Dr. Isaac Lippincott of Washington University has produced a text which will soon be found on or near the desks of all business executives to whom vision means more than supervision. Here is a book brimming with factual matter on raw materials and manufacturing processes, but as far removed from dryness as prohibition is from temperance. The glittering romance of production is here, and by no means all of it has to be read between the lines.

Leverett S. Lyon's *Hand-to-Mouth Buying,* ($4.00), published by the Brookings Institution of Washington, was selected by the Business Book League as its December offering to subscribers. The book gets off on the right foot with a non-blurbing jacket, which bears, instead of extravagant adjectives, a significant chart showing the order basis in an important American industry. To the man on the street, hand-to-mouth buying is a recent development, but Mr. Lyon shows that in certain outstanding lines of business, such as the dry goods and shoe trades, the practice has been the rule rather than the exception for fifty years or more. The book is generously illustrated with charts and graphs, and presents as extensive an application of trade statistics to a specific distribution problem as has yet been made.

Books on statistics are proverbially dull, but once in a blue moon some writer comes along who succeeds in giving the dry bones an adequate covering of flesh. This has been achieved by Dr. Joseph Lyons Snider of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration in *Business Statistics* (McGraw-Hill, $5.00). Dr. Snider indicates briefly the chief sources of business data, and then deals consecutively with the statistics of automobile manufacture, the metals, agriculture, cement, building construction and the railroads. Following the case-book method, he uses material provided by such competent collaborators as W. Floyd Maxwell of the Harvard Economic Society, Roger M. Eastman of the New York Telephone Company and Dr. W. Randolph Burgess of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

The *Psychology of Dress* by Dr. Elizabeth B. Hurlock of Columbia University (Ronald Press $3.50), might not appear, on the basis of surface indications, to have a place among business books. This is a treatise, and a most engaging one, on the nature of the fashion impulse and its impact on human habits and relations. The tie-up appears, however, when one discovers that while in the past men have blamed women, and women men, for the follies of fashion extremes, there is now a tendency to shift the blame to a third party,—the "commercial interests," consisting of designers, manufacturers and promoters of styles.

This book is probably too good to become a best seller, but the adventuresome soul who explores it will be richly rewarded. It shows how the fashions sometimes stand still and sometimes move in circles; how "fashion-racing" is facilitated; how fashion news is broadcast; what parts are played by sex and age; and how fashion serves as a mirror for the times. The average man, who is urged to buy common stocks, must also provide clothing, shoes, hats and an appalling number of sundries for himself and his family. He may say that he is not interested in fashions, but he is, in spite of himself. Aren't we all?

FRANK A. FALL

Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas

Edited by C. F. Andrews

"For all of us... a valuable book... Anyone eager to know just what is being done in the East will find eloquent passages in these pages."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World.*

MACMILLAN $3.00

"Swoons and smelling-salts! What a tale!" . . . The Outlook

"The author has not missed one jot of the essential sublime absurdity in the elopement of Elizabeth Barrett, spinster (past forty) and Robert Browning, Gentleman. The synthetic style is a joy forever." —The Outlook.

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MISS BARRETT'S ELOPEMENT

By C. LENANTON (CAROLA OMAN)
$2.50 at all booksellers

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When sickness threatens, don't gamble on the accuracy of your fever thermometer. The stakes are too high.
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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

MAYBE dour Scotch lovers stand around quoting Carlyle at their lady loves instead of snaring them in the steel trap of passion; and maybe lights o' love are so caught up by it that they respond in kind, and the honeymoon is one long page quotation from *Sartor Resartus*. Norman MacOwan seems to think so in his oddly named *The Infinite Shoeblack* and half the dramatic critics seem strangely conversant with Carlyle in their reviews (it's all in the theatre program we find) and Mr. Atkinson of the *Times* is convinced that something rare has scrabbled in through Broadway's muddy backdoor.

But somehow we are cynical and we doubt it all. We didn't believe anybody ever had such arguments about the white flame of the physical (that was Helen Menken) and the souls of shoeblacks, as Andrew Berwick, Scotch actuary, had with Mary, the young lady who fainted on his doorstep and disturbed his life ever after. In the midst of the disagreement, in a gay hotel in Cairo during the War, no, in Mary's glamorously furnished Egyptian villa, Andrew even goes so far as to forget Carlyle. "I am an animal," states Mary, in defense of her delightfully irregular and slightly haphazard love life. "An animal has young!" retorts Andrew. "Where are your young?"

There isn't any answer to this, except mutual recognition of the terrible attraction between these two; which means love in a Scotch cottage—Mary has to give away her money in order to be Andrew's real wife, it seems, though we are hazy on this point—and eventually, of course, "young."

"Young" and scrubbing the kitchen are very hard on a delicate white flame like Mary, so she dies. And that's all.

The strange thing about it all is that the story is probably perfectly true. It has happened before that men have desired women physically and been unwilling for them to have souls or personalities or lives of their own. And often the strength of the man's passion has carried such women away to their own undoing and illness and death. It even has happened that passion has masqueraded as the strong evangelist of morality and the woman thus destroyed has seen her own desire to possess her own soul, whatever it might be, as evil and against God. The Andrews of the world are many, and they wear many cloaks. Only by one thing may they be distinguished: they are right, and God is on their side. And other people must abide by their ideas. And it makes little difference if the Marys die. Right has triumphed, and evil is better dead.

So, Andrew in *The Infinite Shoeblack*.

The difficulty in the present instance is that one is uncertain whether or not the playwright thought any of these things; or precisely what he did think. For the play is like a play of puppets; a story actually seen by a man but not understood—merely some of the words remembered and the rest fitted in.

Too bad for Leslie Banks. As Andrew, he struggles mightily. But we cannot recommend the play.

The Plays of the Week

The Infinite Shoeblack, by Norman MacOwan at Maxine Elliott's, 39th St, East of Broadway—with Helen Menken.

Those We Love, by George Abbott and S. K. Lauren at the John Golden, West 58th St.

NOT so with *Those We Love*. Despite everything, we say go and see this one. And it is despite a good deal, too. For it is the old, old triangle. And the husband does not really love the lady who helps him break up his home. And he loves his wife most. And they have a boy; and the boy brings them together again.

It could be simply terrible.

But it isn't. It is real, and it has its audience nailed to the seats throughout. It can produce laughter and tears and the lump in the throat. More, it has George Abbott in it, as the erring husband.

And as the lady in front of us said regretfully: "But he could get away with anything—he's so good looking!"

Still more, so far as we are concerned, it has a genuinely new situation. It recognizes the ordinary American boy as a real human being, completely emerged at last from the Booth Tarkington two dimensional Age. And in that moment when the father tells him that he will have to know some time, and that the simple trouble is that he, the father has been unfaithful to the boy's mother—well, there isn't a dry eye in the house.

The fact is, here is honest, truthful playwrighting, real people excellently portrayed and acted, and a true story beautifully and honestly told, from the dramatist's standpoint. Minor objections may be made to the multiplicity of exits and entrances, and a certain telescoping of scenes in order to contrive a long drawn suspense. But the play gives an impression of life itself and does it so well that talk of technical defects is footless. The only really serious drawback occurs when the play is actually taken as life. For then there is more than a question in the mind of the beholder of the depth and validity of the love between husband and wife when the wife's desire to avert her face from life's realities can lead her to prefer a suspicion that nearly wrecks her entire marriage, to a facing of the situation at once.

Only excellent acting all around disposes of this. Fortunately the play has this.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
*Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.
*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
*Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
*Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
The Boundary Line: Emotional conflict among suburbanites—good characterization.
Dishonored Lady: Melodrama of the deepest dye—with Katherine Cornell.
Many a Slip: True, touching, and immensely entertaining comedy about marriage.
Joseph: Amusing, but monotonous comedy about the Biblical Joseph—with George Jessel.
Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
Ritzy: An insurance salesman inherits money. The play isn't up to the actors.
Out of the Blue Sky: Caviare for the playgoer—delightful entertainment.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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Puck, 1930

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IF, A HALF-DOZEN years ago, you happened into the Club Rendezvous in New York to sip ginger ale as you watched Gilda Grey dance, you may have noticed a youth who played the mandolin in the club orchestra. He was twenty-three years old then; tall, broad-shouldered and slender, and with his smoothed, light-brown hair and regular features not unpersonable.

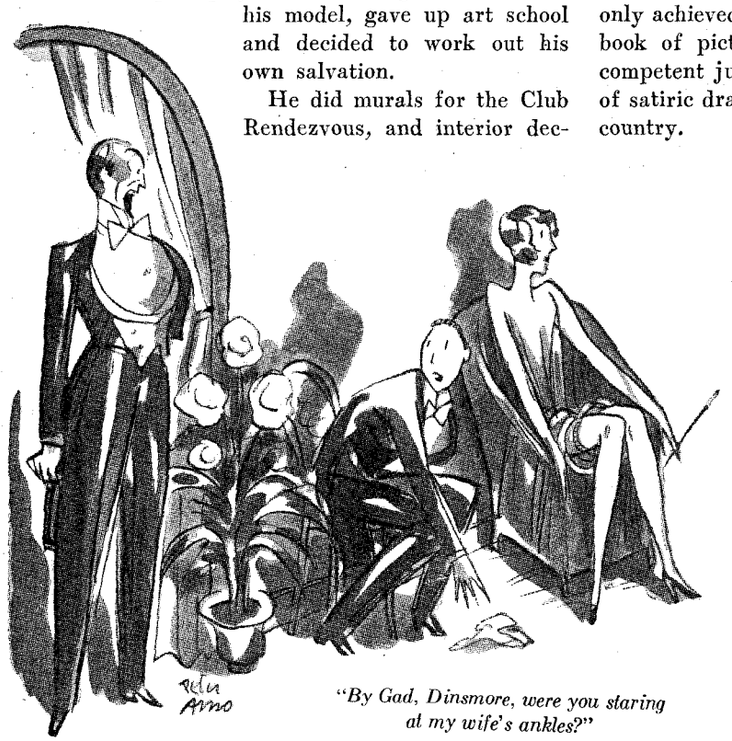
But even if you had noticed him, it would certainly never have occurred to you that this same young man, who occasionally set aside his mandolin to knock off a jazz piece on the piano, would in the year 1930 be recognized as an outstanding comic artist and widely hailed as the authentic chronicler of our civilization. That young man, as you may have guessed by now, was none other than Peter Arno, earning an honest if noisy living providing dance music for the very generation whose absurdities he was soon to preserve for posterity in his own particular museum of mirth.

If, as experts in such matters declare, Arno's art shows him to be kin to Daumier, Busch and Cruikshank, some of the responsibility for the phenomenon might be attributed to his Gallic descent. The name Arno was simplified by his family from the original Arnaux. And who, better than the French, have the flair for being amused at what they take seriously? Remote French origin aside, the phenomenon is otherwise strictly American, born in New York City, the son of a Justice of the State Supreme Court.

While at Yale Arno regularly contributed drawings to the college comic. At New Haven, too, he organized a jazz band, and with Rudy Vallee as his saxophonist obliterated nights that were theoretically dedicated to more cerebral pursuits. Small wonder under such circumstances that a projected career in law came to an end. In his second year at college, in 1922, Arno abandoned the academic pretense and entered the Yale School of Fine Arts. A month later, and Arno and his jazz band were in New York.

Playing at night clubs, he studied drawing for two months during the daytime at the Art Students' League. It was at about this time that Arno chanced upon a reproduction of one of Constantin Guys' drawings in a magazine. Recognizing in this mid-Nineteenth Century artist the very quality he had been striving for, he promptly made the elegant Frenchman his model, gave up art school and decided to work out his own salvation.

He did murals for the Club Rendezvous, and interior decorators occasionally awarded him the commission of executing a screen, but it was a precarious living, and to make matters worse, his satirical drawings, the form of art in which he was most interested, aroused not the faintest sign of enthusiasm from art editors. Then, in January, 1925, Arno learned of the forthcoming publication of a new magazine, the future *New Yorker*. He promptly called on the art editor and presented him with a few drawings for consideration. When, after a week, he had heard nothing, Arno abandoned hope, and in despair applied to a music agency for a job again in an orchestra. He was offered the leadership of a jazz band at a liberal salary, and at almost the same time came a check from the *New Yorker*. Several of his smaller sketches had been accepted. The check was for only $35, but was all the encouragement Arno needed. He turned down the orchestra job and went back to drawing.



"By Gad, Dinsmore, were you staring at my wife's ankles?"

In the five years since the *New Yorker* first gave Arno his opportunity, he has become a fashionable success with every indication of being something more than a passing vogue. The recent publication of his *Peter Arno's Parade*, a volume of 104 drawings, not only achieved unprecedented sales for a book of pictures, but was greeted by competent judges as the best collection of satiric drawings yet produced in this country.

Although still under thirty, success is not apt to spoil him, for the simple reason that he will make no effort to capitalize it at the expense of his work. When his now famous Whoops Sisters had been appearing in the *New Yorker* for two years he came to the conclusion that he had exhausted the subject. He ended the series, although it was still popular and might have been continued indefinitely had Arno cared to descend to the comic supplement.

Arno takes his art seriously and works conscientiously, sometimes redrawing a single sketch as often as four or five times, but there is nothing solemn about the fellow. He composes jazz music in modern rhythms, he boxes for exercise, and drives his specially constructed roadster a hundred miles an hour for excitement.

His artistic ambitions are simple and sincere. He wants his work to grow, rather than to become a facile formula, to have always a quality of freshness and spontaneity. Unlike a certain other mirth-provoking artist of the screen, he has no desire to play the immortal Hamlet. And why should he, when he can make a sketch of Hamlet that would make even that solemn fellow laugh at himself?

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE RECENT BATTLE in the Senate over the appointment of Chief Justice Hughes is merely one indication of the struggle going on between big business and the Sherman Anti-trust Act. The slogan "Human rights against property rights" is another. In the leading article of the next issue, "Little People vs. Big Fellows," Jonathan Mitchell predicts that this issue will have an important bearing on the next Presidential election and that the behavior of the Stock Market in the meanwhile may prove to be the deciding factor.

WE CANNOT SHARE the anxiety of the occasional horrified readers who accuse us of wanting to put Uncle Sam back into the liquor business merely because we advocate modification of prohibition legislation. As a matter of fact Uncle Sam is practically in the liquor business now. Such at least is the opinion of E. Clemens Horst, a prominent California grape grower. In "Uncle Sam and the Grape Growers" Mr. Horst explains how the Government, by not letting its left hand know what its right hand is doing, is swelling the profits of this old California industry to at least seven times their pre-prohibition level. Meanwhile the growers, strangely enough, vote dry.

THE INCREASING EXTENSION of credit and development of industry are fostering a new theory of international politics which is gradually supplanting Nineteenth Century Nationalism. In "Peas in the International Pod" James T. Shotwell discusses the progress of this new movement in world politics and foresees hopeful prospects for peace. Professor Shotwell is a trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and author of numerous books on international affairs.

MR. COFFEY'S ADHERENCE to the strait and narrow did not last long. Need of money again drove him to dishonesty, this time in the form of shoplifting of which he made a fine art. Although he did quite well at this for a time, the use of a knife in a fight with a sailor quickly resulted in a second visit to the State Reformatory.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Show

IT WAS BACK in 1890 and the Show was coming to town. There were hand-bills nailed on trees, telling about it—pasted on the board fences—tacked up in the post-office. And great placards all over the front of the village Hall.

"Children—fifteen cents." Fifteen cents! And he'd give his life to see it. His whole life.

The sun was hot on his back. The earth, even in this back lot, was sweet under it, and the grass was green and still. But he felt nothing, he saw nothing. His right arm, pushing the saw forward—drawing it back—went on working without him. He had wanted marbles once. A pair of good shoes. And he had often wanted to eat something. But this want was a pain that hurt him in his stomach; that strangled his throat and smarted in his eyes.

Ever since the first placard had been put up in the post-office he had been trying to work it out. But it always came to the same answer. When he was through sawing this wood he was going to get paid for it, but by the time he was paid for it the Show would be gone. Only one idea had come to him; his employer might be persuaded to advance him fifteen cents. He had gone to his employer, but somehow his words had not come out right—as he had turned to go an unexpected kick from behind had completed his misery.

He paused for a moment in the hot sun and pressed his arm against his eyes. Tonight the Show was coming to town. Tomorrow it would be gone. He reached out blindly for the saw, but he could no longer see it. His arm went on working just the same. If those were tears they could get along without him.

"Look here," said a sudden voice, "how old are you?"

He jumped, but did not turn his head. "Eleven," he said, blinking.

"Well, give us a hand at it," said the voice, "eleven isn't old enough."

"It's easy," said the boy huskily, and as the log tumbled in two, tried to wipe his eyes again on his arm.

"What's hard, then?" asked the voice in a peculiar tone, peculiar because he had never heard it before. It might have been anybody's. Or his own. He never thought of not answering it.

"I can't see the Show," he said.

"Why not? Aren't you earning any money?"

"I asked him for it, and he kicked me."

"How much?"

"Children—fifteen cents." Still, he did not look up or turn his head, but kept on staring at the blur of green, and blinking. The voice came nearer.

"What makes you want to go?" it said wonderingly. "What makes you think it's worth it?"

At the surprise of it the boy turned around and looked. A man after all, twice as big as himself, and one that he had never seen before. "Worth it?" he asked. "Why, it's the Show! It's not like anything—" he stammered "anything around here. They'll be dressed up. Acting things. And saying things. And once you get inside—it's real."

The man whom he had never seen before stared at him hard. "That's righ'," he agreed, "here's twenty cents. Go buy your ticket."

It was in a leper colony more than thirty years later that the boy lay dying. He'd seen it all he told himself. Everything. War with Spain—when he was still a kid—and fighting in the Philippines. War with Germany—when he'd joined up with the Frenchmen—he'd been lucky not to miss that one.

And now this. There'd never been any fighting as bad as this. He'd seen everything.

But as he looked back, somehow none of it seemed real. Funny, how nothing seemed exactly real to him except that show he had seen, away back. He'd always kept on thinking maybe, that he'd see another like it. Nope. There hadn't ever been another. That was a swell friend he had. He'd never had enough to pay him back. It was too big; and it was too little.

It took the Government six years to probate the will of one of its lepers. At the end of that time, a man who was growing old stared at the slip of paper that fell from an official envelope. He read it until it was a blur before his eyes, until he couldn't see the figures that stared at him. A bequest. An inheritance. Two dollars, and fifty-seven cents.

"Gratitude," he heard himself whisper to no one in particular. "One thousand per cent."

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Vagabond King"

THE OLD STORY of Francois Villon, the swaggering beggar, poet and lover who was king of France for a day, has been done into a singing picture with a good deal of zest and some of the best looking pageants the color films have yet produced. The present *Vagabond King* is based on the McCarthy play which E. H. Southern has been doing up and down the land since the fifteenth century, but Frimil's music and most of the lines are from the recent Ziegfeld operetta. Its virtues further include an excellent performance by Dennis King, a romantic young man who is new to the movies, although he sang the same rôle in the original production. One of the future big battles of the movies will doubtless be between the followers of Mr. Lawrence Tibbett and those of Mr. Dennis King. The fact is that a lot of our young girls are going to become baritone and tenor conscious. The only real trouble with *The Vagabond King* is a completely blah performance by Jeanette MacDonald, the leading lady, who evidently thinks she is still back on Broadway where you can run through musical comedy love scenes as though you were reciting Latin verbs. The movie public wants love scenes it can take seriously.

Director Ludwig Berger and his scenic designer have been perhaps a little too obsessed with the idea of striking stage sets, and the result has been a sort of stylized staging. Their sets are too perfect—their performers move in premeditated rhythms—their shadows fall just so—and while it is often gorgeous pageantry it is slightly less effective drama.

O. P. Heggie is convincing as Louis IX, while Warner Oland is his usual villainous self as Thibault.

"Roadhouse Nights"

I know it sounds silly, but this talkie, dealing with souse newspapermen, night club racketeers and desperate bootleggers is really perfectly swell entertainment. Without doubt a good deal of the credit goes to Ben Hecht who wrote the story and dialogue while fine performances by Helen Morgan, Charles Ruggles, and Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the night club boys, keep the harried spectator on the jump all the time. Mr. Ruggles plays the part of a fellow who is fired from his paper for Reporter's Complaint (constant drunkenness) but who, in spite of this, gets them the biggest story of the year, defeats the bootleggers and wins Helen Morgan for his crooning bride.

Obituary

Within the past five years there has grown up in this country what has been hopefully spoken of as the "little art movie" movement. Some twenty-five small houses scattered between Los Angeles and New York gathered groups of our intellegentia in a corner, showed them *Caligari* and gave them free cigarettes and tea. After seeing *Caligari* three or four times, however, the "art theatre" owners discovered there were no other films. Any half way decent domestic or foreign pictures were immediately grabbed by the horrid old commercial producers. Consequently the "art" boys took to showing tenth rate foreign pictures under the guise of "art." The stories were terrible, the photography was worse and the acting was laughable, but they were "art." To the credit of the American people it must be said that very few were fooled by this nonsense, with the result that the "art" movies have been rapidly sinking from deficit to deficit. Then sound came along and stopped the production of silent films abroad. The result has been that the little sanctuaries of free tea and cigarettes have installed talking apparatus and turned into ordinary neighborhood houses showing any pictures the big boys wanted to give them.

There is of course absolutely no doubt that there is a very definite place in our big cities for little theatres which devote themselves to catering to special audiences—but until special films are made to show in such theatres, nothing can be done about it. At present the production of pictures is such a costly matter that it is natural for producers to take little notice of minorities.

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo speaking for the first time with a voice as striking as she is.
Disraeli: The old stage play—Mr. Arliss seems to have almost as big a following as Clara Bow.
The Green Goddess: Again George Arliss in an old stage play—with Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner.
The Laughing Lady: Ruth Chatterton as a smart divorcee.
Men Without Women: Trying moments in a wrecked submarine.
Not So Dumb: Marion Davies amuses as Dulcy.
The Rouge Song: Magnificent singing by Lawrence Tibbett.
Seven Days Leave: Beryl Mercer quite touching as Barrie's cockney scrub woman.
Street of Chance: Well-written talkie of big time gamblers with William Powell.
The Virginian: Gary Cooper is splendid as a lad of the Great Open Spaces.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck; No, No, Nanette; Sally; Rio Rita; and **So Long Letty:** Don't you ever long for a little novelty in the movies? I do.
Son of the Gods: Richard Barthelmess in something dull.
Chasing Rainbows: Backstage teams are still fighting it out on the Hollywood front.

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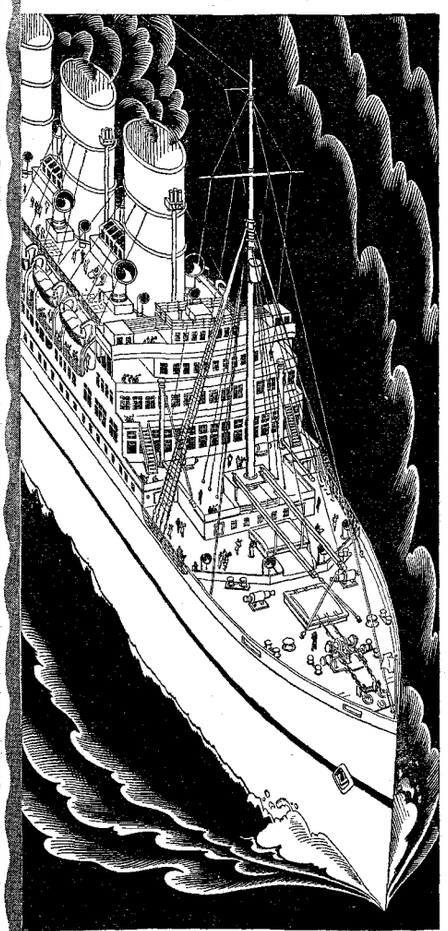

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Troubled Airways

(Continued from Page 365)

cargo that started the whole investment —air-mail. It is something of a shock, of course, to realize that through running in the neighborhood of six million dollars behind on its air-mail contracts annually, the United States Government is in effect doing exactly what the American air-transport operators so proudly disclaim—paying a substantial ubsidy to help support commercial aviation. Well-run air-lines, carrying mail for the postoffice department at present contract figures, can show a profit. So far as I have been able to learn, air-lines operated for passenger transport, only, have not yet been able to do so in any single instance. This, in spite of the claims of one or two lines, out of the 61 carrying air-passengers in 1929, to the contrary. Accordingly, wise air-operators are either feeling their way into the passenger-carrying business step by step, while deriving a substantial income from mail contracts, or bolstering themselves with such abundant capital that they can carry on for years, if necessary, without having to show a cent of profit. Most of the successful western air-lines have followed the former course; several of the Eastern lines the latter.

The Stout Lines, for example, oldest of the passenger-traffic-only air-lines in the United States, have had money enough to build up their business steadily, although losing money just as steadily. By the first of this year they had carried more than 100,000 passengers, between Chicago, various Michigan cities, Toledo and Cleveland, and on short sight-seeing trips. They are still expanding their schedules—and still losing money. Incidentally, through extremely cautious operation, they have never injured a single passenger. Transcontinental Air Transport, pouring money into their air-rail development, are abundantly financed to stand year after year of steady loss. Their combination with Maddux, one of the less-heavily financed passenger-only air-lines of the West, is significant. Maddux, operating at a steady loss in spite of scrupulously careful expenditures, was glad to secure the added backing that made further operation over an indefinite period feasible. Transcontinental Air, on the other hand, was glad to secure the Maddux operating-knowledge and experience.

In the West the Varney Lines, flying into the Northwest from Salt Lake City, Western Air Express, flying southwest across the hills and deserts of Utah and Nevada from the same point, and Boe-

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ing, passing through Salt Lake on the Chicago-San Francisco run, have all used their mail contracts as a starting-point to build up other business. Pickwick, using successful auto-stage-line money to feel its way into air transportation, operated for a while between Los Angeles and San Francisco at a loss, held its shorter line between Los Angeles and San Diego, and has recently opened a 2,400-mile line down into Mexico, with a mail-contract on which the Mexican government pays about $2 a pound for the long haul. Among the methods of these various companies we find some interesting differences.

Western Air Express, starting with an air-mail contract for the Salt Lake-Los Angeles route, has rapidly opened up one passenger line after another. It is operating big Fokker planes at present from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, to San Francisco, to Kansas City, and through a recently acquired subsidiary from San Francisco to Seattle. In securing passengers, in holding to a low operating cost, and in freedom from serious accidents, it is among the leaders of the whole country. At the same time it is supposed to be operating, except for the Salt Lake-Los Angeles mail run, at a heavy loss.

Pickwick, with 2,500 auto-stage ticket offices to work from, started in on the theory that an extremely low operating cost, with correspondingly low passenger fares, would result in enough passenger-traffic to make profits possible. They used a light, low-cost tri-motor plane, with rather indifferent results. The expansion into Mexico with the assistance of a mail contract shows their conversion to the pay-load theory, with passengers merely as an extra source of revenue. Their Mexico route down the continent is over country so wild that one of their pilots, forced down by bad weather behind a mountain-range less than fifty miles from his course, was nearly two weeks getting back, by mule train, to civilization.

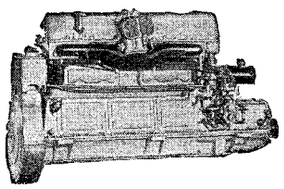
Varney, "pulling mail" over the sparsely settled areas of northern Utah, Idaho and the Northwest, has stepped into passenger-carrying very slowly and cautiously, getting started first on a basis of sound operation with experienced personnel. Boeing, and its subsidiaries, with the longest air-mail routes of all, from Chicago to the Pacific Coast and from Los Angeles to Seattle, has sought like Varney to establish, first, safe and dependable flying conditions. This has been possible through the mail contracts, which have allowed the company to show a profit even with a high operating cost. It costs the Boeing line, for example, something like a dollar and a quarter a mile to operate a big tri-motor transport, while Western Air Express and Maddux operate planes of equal capacity for less than ninety cents a mile. On the other hand Boeing has now established a reputation for sound financing as well as reliability of operation, and is pushing ahead into the passenger business.

The Boeing plan of campaign is about (my quotation is imaginary) as follows:—"With the aid of mail contracts, we have built up a dependable air-transport line, second to none in the country. We are in a position to take advantage of passenger travel by air, when and as it develops. In the meantime, treating the transportation of air-passengers as a by-product, we must see what other sources of revenue can be built up to supplement our mail-contracts, that are subject to governmental change from year to year."

Following up this policy, Boeing mail and cargo planes have been built for speed, long use, and no passengers. Large and small mail-and-passenger planes have also been constructed on a more or less experimental basis. Eighteen-passenger transports have been built along lines that will make it possible to convert them into flying post-offices for mail only, if that should become desirable. And Boeing operatives are learning to look, more and more, for the revenue that comes from still a third source—express.

This air-express business is a real development. Already two regular cargoes travel East through the clouds over the Sierras and Rockies from California—films, and cut flowers. I have seen a crate of cantaloupe put aboard a mail plane at Elko, Nevada, for Salt Lake City—but that was exceptional. Many manufacturers, however, are already learning the advantage of shipping samples, and special orders for quick delivery, by air. Often tools and machine-parts for emergency repairs, crankshafts or valves for pumping engines or tractors, now travel on the airplane cushions that passengers have not yet learned to sit on. Jewels and other valuables mean a saving in interest and overhead, when shipped by air to save time in transit. Cargoes of silk, for the same reason, are an already discussed possibility for the near future.

Taking up this idea of express, the Pickwick Lines recently sent out letters, calling to the attention of about 250 Los Angeles importers and exporters, the express rates on their Mexican air-lines. Up to that time they had not carried a pound of express. Since sending out the specific information, however, ex-



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press revenue has averaged close to $60 a trip. Only a beginning, to be sure—but a significant straw. After all, even our de luxe trans-Atlantic liners would show small profit were they unable to add to their full passenger lists thousands of tons of inanimate cargo.

Here, then, is a probable solution for the sky transportation problems of 1930. As air-traffic develops, express revenue must be added to mail and passenger returns. Then, gradually, utilizing every possible source of income, and taking advantage of improved planes, operating experience and thoroughly tested pilots, air-lines will gradually crawl out of the red and begin to show a profit. But it is going to take a lot longer than many over-sanguine air-investors are yet willing to believe, and before the happy day arrives many an ambitious young sky-transportation project, started too hastily in the boom-days of 1928 or 1929, is going to come crashing to earth.

Helping "Fallen Girls"

(Continued from Page 378)

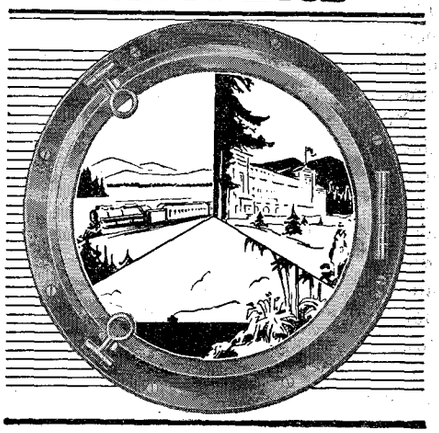
all her expenses in the home but you've kept taggin' after me, making me lose every job I've had. I'm broke myself now and can't do nothing."

Barney found a job in a big garage paying a hundred and sixty dollars a month and was contributing to Edna's expenses. But the social workers didn't give him a minute's peace. They made regular calls on him to see that he hadn't "skipped the country" and to remind him of his agreement. The foreman, suspicious of these frequent visitors, investigated and Barney was fired. He found another job, but they followed him again. This happened three times, until without work and broke, he was forced back to the small town he had left and Edna was deserted, expenses unpaid.

Many people are aware of the situation that exists in our towns and small cities, but very little is being done to relieve it. Some of the trained workers who have tried to co-operate with local welfare staffs are gloomy in their predictions. Conditions will continue the same, they fear, until the public which subscribes to community chests and donates funds for the care of its unfortunates wakes up.

It is possible that the hard-headed businessman - subscriber who deals shrewdly, wants the latest and best, and is willing to pay its worth may suddenly ask if he is getting value for his donations. Surely one of the first things he will see will be the board members who between personal money-

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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EVA R. DIXON *Director*
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making, golf games, bridge luncheons, and dinner parties give a few minutes of their valuable time to administer the work of social organizations.

He may see that Mr. Smith, chairman of the board, who places only experts about him in his plow factory, recommends Miss Walker, his partner's spinster cousin without training or experience to head the social service bureau. He may further see that Mr. Jones, notoriously careful about the doctors and specialists who attend him and his family, suggests Mrs. Lane, neurotic society woman, to attend the emotional sickness of the people in his community.

Not until the public is able to label these women workers according to their motives, immaturity, and emotional entanglements, and recognize the deplorable, even vicious, mishandling of cases which they are guilty of, will there be any relief for the situation in Middleborough, Barton, and a thousand other towns and small cities.

Apples from Mr. Michailoff

(Continued from Page 369)

one ever gave me quite such a gift!

The interview was ended. Luncheon was ended. It was clearly time that the visit ended too. And yet it was so pleasant there in that lonely little farm house, hidden among green apple trees in the mountains, that we lingered a moment, leaning over the railing of a little balcony, looking down on the *comitadjis*, resting under the apple trees. Suddenly a gleam of white from the road caught my eye—the linen blouses of a passing detachment of Bulgarian soldiers. Startled, I turned to Michailoff and pointed at them.

"Hadn't you better get out of sight?" I asked, for the troops were a scant hundred yards away. But Michailoff only laughed.

"What? For those fellows?"—and went quietly on with what he had been saying. Under the trees, invisible from the road, his bodyguard was peacefully resting. Since their ammunition never left their persons day or night, since their pistols were always strapped on, and since their rifles always stood within arm's reach, they were quite as ready to go into action as if the most meticulous first sergeant had lined them up.

Nevertheless, I held my breath for a moment. Was there going to be a fight? And just how was an American going to explain his presence in the mountains, if caught. But the white uniforms went slowly up the road, then vanished. Beside me, Michailoff was interested chiefly in the landscape.

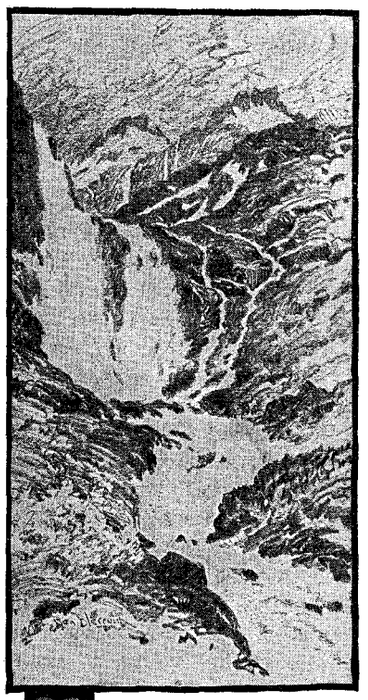
"Just how are you armed?" I asked.

"Would you like to see our arms? Come in here." And together we stepped back into the little room where we had lunched. I had already observed the pistol and the sub-machine-gun. Now I discovered that it also contained a bag of bombs and that my host had been wearing one large and one small pistol throughout the interview. Would I like to see the *comitadji's* arms?—and down we went to the little group that had been sleeping or quietly talking, or just patiently waiting, under the apple trees. When I had looked at their weapons they began to show their wounds—not a little proud of them. One had been shot through both cheeks, in some mountain skirmish. Another in the neck. Both bore great scars in evidence. And then, suddenly, *comitadjis* were closing in on me from all directions, proudly pulling up sleeves, or hauling up trouser legs to show the scars of battle.

Only one man stood aside, looking a little sheepish. The rest pointed at him and grinned. The leader explained. This one bore a charmed life. He had been in every fight—and never a wound. A tremendous joke, wasn't it? And everybody laughed.

But it was time to go at last. The carriage was ready, so was the guard; and the interpreter and I walked out together. Michailoff came to the edge of the trees to bow, shake hands, and bid me farewell. I saw him for the last time, standing there as I walked out to the road, the green of the apple trees around him. One might have taken him for any gentleman bidding farewell to a week-end guest at his country estate. But there was a glint of metal under the trees that did not belong on a peaceful country place, a guard of *comitadjis* behind him, and further still, the mountains towering up—the mountains of Macedonia, for whose freedom they were fighting.

Next day the other detachment came for me—my first chauffeur, my first guard, my first guide—old familiar faces by this time. Half a day later, I was back in Sofia, precisely as scheduled, with the ordinary life of a metropolitan hotel going peacefully on around me—wondering secretly whether it had all really happened, whether it was really true that only a couple hundred miles away a hunted man, his body guard around him, was slipping silently along some starlit trail—planning, thinking, planning, and perhaps already fighting again, for the freedom of Macedonia.



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A Taste of Freedom

(Continued from Page 382)

meanwhile to decide how I should explain the loss of my job. The owner of the poolroom had several other places. I asked him if he could give me a job running one of them. He said he could, that one of his places needed a manager and that he'd pay me twenty per cent of the receipts. I agreed to take it. When I went home I said nothing about having lost my job at the brewery, thinking I could easily make enough at the poolroom to be able to give my father ten dollars every week. If I should find I could afford to give more, then I'd say I had changed jobs because I could make more money.

I found that the poolroom was in a bad location for doing business. Besides, the coming of mild weather was causing most of the regular patrons to prefer being outdoors. In the evening, the best time of the day for business, most of the fellows wanted to stand in front of the place and flirt with passing girls. Getting ten dollars a week to give at home became a problem.

I solved the problem by getting a job selling lemonade afternoons at the Athletics' ball grounds. I left the poolroom in charge of a young fellow who was glad to have a chance to practice playing pool without having to pay anything.

Everything went along smoothly for a few weeks. With the two jobs I found I could give twelve dollars a week to my father, and so I told him I had changed jobs. He didn't think the poolroom job was as good as the other as far as my future was concerned, and thought I ought to look out for another office job and give up the poolroom. I agreed.

Before I found another job, a fellow who came often to the poolroom asked me if I wanted to make a lot of money. He said that there was a streetcar strike in Boston, and proposed that we should go there and get ourselves hired as strike-breakers. We'd have plenty of chances to win at dice and cards from the other strike-breakers. They would spend most of their time in the barns when not working, away from the danger of beatings by strikers, and in the barns they'd have no way to amuse themselves except by gambling. Few among them would know much about gambling; in dice many of them would take odds of fifteen to ten against tens and fours instead of demanding twenty to ten. Many of them, too, would fall for three-card monte. I agreed to go with him. We went to the office which was hiring strike-breakers, were hired, and late that night left for Boston.

At the end of the first week each of us had made nearly $300. Besides gambling we found there was a chance to make about ten dollars collecting fares every trip, as the company made no effort to compel us to turn in what we collected. Strikers frequently boarded our cars but assured us freedom from interference or attack in return for a daily contribution of five dollars in recognition of which we received each day a dated card declaring us contributors to the strikers' fund.

At the end of five weeks the company began to weed out the undesirables among the strike-breakers and I was fired. I had $700 in my pocket, three new expensive suits of clothes, two pairs of white flannel trousers, two new hats, three new pairs of shoes, a dozen silk shirts, six suits of silk underwear, and a new gold watch.

On getting home I gave my father $100, pleasing him greatly—it came in "very handy," he said—and received no criticism from him because of my absence, except what was implied in his asking me to let them know my whereabouts the next time I should go away, so that my mother wouldn't worry about me.

My new clothes and the more than $500 I had left equipped me for the superior position of a fashionable and leisurely man-about-town, and I lost no time in assuming such a rôle. Daily I appeared at high class billiard rooms patronized by the wealthy, and bet and spent with as great a nonchalance as any.

My skill enabled me to win much more than I lost in this new field, and so I was encouraged to spend more lavishly at cabaret parties which I joined nightly, and on week-end trips I made regularly to Atlantic City, dressed in my white flannels.

I told my father I had gone back to selling the Catholic magazine I had sold the previous fall, and began giving him ten dollars each week, which quieted any questioning and criticism that might have come from him. He seemed not to notice how late I came home every night.

Two months passed, September came, with no interruption of my ease and pleasure, but each week I had spent much more than my income, and my capital had dwindled to less than fifty dollars.

(To Be Continued)

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With Our Readers

Editor's Note

The very large number of letters received in reply to the editorial "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment," is quite in proportion to the importance of the Prohibition question. In presenting a cross-section of this correspondence on this page we wish to assure our readers that we are not editing these letters to give a false impression of approval. On the contrary, we aim to present a fair picture of the balance and tone of opinion of our correspondents, of whom an overwhelming majority has, so far, supported our position.

To the Editor of the *Boston*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . I think the editorial is excellent. You put your finger on the error so futilely being made by many opponents of Prohibition. They allow themselves to be inveigled into the labyrinth of more or less complete substitutes for solving the problem of the prohibition of liquor traffic.

The real issue which the Eighteenth Amendment raises is that of preserving the integrity of the Constitution. The Eighteenth Amendment violates this integrity in two ways, one of which you point out in your editorial, namely, that the Constitution was intended to be a frame of government and nothing else. This violation consists in injecting into that instrument in a permanent form legislation suitable only in statutory form. The violation is the more objectionable because related to a subject which all experience has shown to be one requiring frequent modification; sometimes in the direction of greater strictness, sometimes in the direction of increased liberality.

The other violation seems to me even more serious, and would have been equally serious in my opinion if the Amendment had been, as of course it ought to have been if it were to be made at all, a mere grant of power to the Federal government to legislate on the subject of the use of intoxicating beverages by individuals.

The success of our system of government during its 140 years of existence has been due to the separation of powers between the Federal government and the States. To the former were delegated certain general powers, like peace and war, foreign relations, foreign and interstate commerce, the currency, and the post office, while to the States were left the largest measure of powers directly affecting the individual citizen in his domestic and personal relations and affairs. It was early recognized that no central government in a territory as large as that of the United States, even at the time of the ratification of the Constitution, could successfully exercise the latter class of powers. With the vastly increased territory now included in the United States and the far greater population at the present time, the impossibility of such centralization of power is axiomatic to any real student of government, and has been conclusively demonstrated by our experience with national Prohibition. . .

BENTLEY W. WARREN

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . The situation has become quite intolerable. It is not now a question of drink, or the reverse, but one of elementary liberty, and great masses of people quite indifferent to the drink question have finally become aroused to the fact that their fundamental human liberties are in danger.

The Eighteenth Amendment is fundamentally anti-constitutional, destructive of our Federal system and wholly vicious, as its fruits continue to demonstrate day by day. Until it is possible to beat the candidates in the various Congressional districts who stand for the Eighteenth Amendment and its concomitant legislation, nothing will be accomplished, and the sooner this is undertaken the better it will be for the country and for an ultimate return to sanity and to ordered federalism in our Government.

The interference of Washington with our dinner tables is an odious form of centralized tyranny and is productive of results as destructive to liberty as to sound Government.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have read the editorial in the Outlook for February 12th on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment with great interest. Repeal of course is the only solution, but it looks to me like a hopeless task—for the present at any rate. Things will probably have to get worse before they can get any better, but it is a good sign when papers of the standing of the Outlook come out flatfooted for repeal, not for a lot of silly palliatives.

THOMAS R. COWARD

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I am so heartily in sympathy with your editorial, Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment . . . that I am having it framed to hang in my own office. I am happy to have this opportunity of saying again, as I have so often expressed myself before sometimes in public, that the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment was a complete negation of American manhood.

HORACE LIVERIGHT

To the Editor of the *Santa Barbara*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . Your editorial is to the point and covers the controversy which is now starting to rage, quite forcefully and in a very splendid manner, I feel that a few years ago, you would not have come out in such a manner, and if all those who really believe in the evils that are growing out of the enforcement of the amendment, would express their feelings, some solution of this very troublesome matter could be quickly arrived at.

C. B. RAYMOND

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . If I knew that I would never take another drink, I would oppose Prohibition on the ground of common sense. I am confident that the Prohibition law will not endure and I am inclined to believe that its end will come through a realignment of the political parties.

J. D. ELLSWORTH

To the Editor of the *West Roxbury, Mass.*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that your policy with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment would be more commendable if you were to devote at least as much space to inculcating the ideal of temperate living as you do to denunciation of Prohibition.

CLARE B. WARREN.

Quoting Mr. Lippmann

To the Editor of the *Chardon, Ohio*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Yes, but how are you going to do it? How is the Eighteenth Amendment to be repealed? It might be helpful to consider, first of all, whether there is a possibility of its being repealed, for if it cannot be repealed then all of our demands for its repeal simply work in the direction of the undermining of law and order in our country.

Let me quote a statement of Mr. Walter Lippmann, (Harper's, December, 1926) who is much wiser than I on such matters: "It is true for example that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed. In order to repeal it there would be required two-thirds of the Senate and two-thirds of the House, and a majority of both Houses in 37 states. A repeal could therefore, be vetoed by 33 Senators, or by 146 Representatives, or by a majority in 13 State Senates. A repeal might pass Congress, it might pass 35 Legislatures, it might pass one House in the remaining 13 Legislatures, and still the Eighteenth Amendment would be intact. As long as Prohibition has a majority in one branch of the Legislature in 13 states a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is impossible."

ROSS HARTMAN

From the W. C. T. U.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Your editorial "Repeal the 18th Amendment" in the issue of February 12, takes as its text the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. report on the alcoholic death rate among its own policy holders.

Why not take the facts as presented by the United States Bureau of Census, not for any class, but for all the people in the country over a long period of years.

A study of the census data will show you that the average alcoholism death rate for the last ten saloon years was around 6 per hundred thousand; that the average annual death rate for this cause in the prohibition decade was 4 per hundred thousand or possibly less; that no state in the Union, except Maryland, has as high a death rate from alcoholism as it had in its peak in the saloon era; that thirteen states keep our alcoholism death rate at the present level and that even these had not reached their higher alcoholism of the saloon era; that thirty-three states have a death rate from alcoholism of only 2.5 per hundred thousand on the average and that many of these dry states have almost abolished alcoholism as a cause of death.

New York, which furnishes one fifth of all the alcoholism deaths in the country has not reached its saloon era record, even with the open disregard of the law and the heroics which are entered into by the wet press of that town in their hysterical attempt to justify drinking.

Seriously, deaths from alcoholism in the United States, while they are lower than they were prior to Prohibition are higher than they should be. Some one is responsible. Alcoholism is an entirely preventable cause of death and public officials should discard it as a political football and treat it as they treat any other cause of death.

ANNA MARDEN DE YO
Corresponding Secretary,
National W. C. T. U.

We Should Get About More

To the Editor of the *Roanoke, Ind.*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Well! well! it finally came out. You are for he repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Perhaps in time you will get around to removing the name Outlook from your publication. In all decency you should for you are dishonoring a great name.

Don't be deceived by the clamor, if you will travel some, listen more and talk less, you will discover prohibition sentiment is growing. This country is moving forward not backward. In this age of multiplied power and high speed machinery, there is no place for the befuddled brain. It's a case of the survival of the fittest, the hang-overs pass out of the picture.

H. A. DINIUS

Is There a Composer in the House?

To the Editor of the *Concord, Calif.*
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

O God! How the mighty are fallen.
Outlook and Independent.
The Christian Union, Henry Ward Beecher.
The Outlook, Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt.
The Outlook and Independent, Who?
Rum smugglers and cigarette profiteers?
The shades of Henry Chandler Bowen,
Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott,
Theodore Roosevelt should
Weep, if they can, at the ruin wrought.

SAMUEL C. PATTERSON

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